See page 24. It is very important to you.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 464 | SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1915. | ONE PENNY

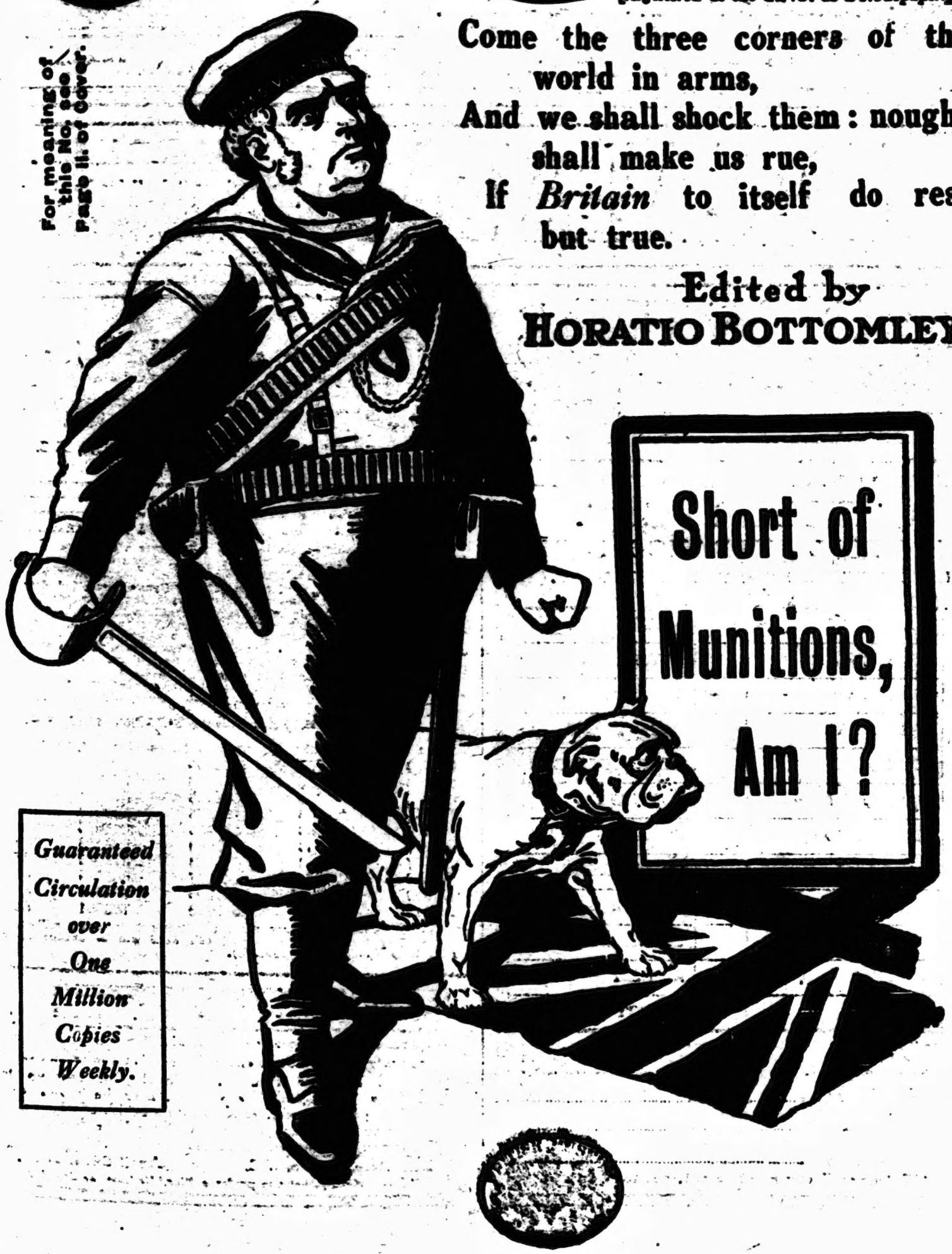
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

2 APR 15

For meaning of this No. see Page II. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.



Guaranteed Circulation over One Million Copies Weekly.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See page 24.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up this weekly coupon you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 24, and forward the duplicate to us and you will be *gratuitously* insured during such period as this Insurance scheme remains in force.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 24, fill in this form and carefully retain it. In the event of a claim it must be forwarded to the Editor of "John Bull" within seven days of the date of the accident.

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 24.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or (in the event of my Death)—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, April 28, and all other parts of the British Isles till 8 a.m. Thursday, April 29.

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC."

The Meal for "shy" feeding Dogs. A recognised body-builder for all breeds of Dogs, both large and small.

Booklet and Sample sent free by The Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, England.

GRAVES

FOR EVERYTHING on EASY TERMS

Write for Suit, Costume, or Raincoat Patterns, or Catalogue of Cycles, Gramophones and Records, Furniture, Sheffield Cutlery, Boots and Shoes, Watches & Jewellery, Sewing Machines, Linoleums, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

of Sheffield

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

17, BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

CHESTER CUP.

JOHN BULL ENTRANCE FORM.

HORSES ENTERED FOR THE CHESTER CUP.
To be run Wednesday, May 5th.

	WILLBROOK		WHITE LIE
	GREAT SPORT		FANFARONA
	FIZ-YAMA		BELTED EARL
	WILLAURA		PARROT
	SON-IN-LAW		KINGSBOROUGH
	DALMATIAN		BROADWOOD
	FLORENTINO		POLLEN
	HARE HILL		FRUSTRATION
	FANTASIO		GRECIAN MAID
	THE GULLER		DESMOND'S SONG
	WARDHA		NIHILIST
	FILL UP		FLURRY

I enter "JOHN BULL" Racing Competition in accordance with the rules announced on page 32, and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

A Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such Numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication, a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants, of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid, we require a full report of all the work done.

The following were sent in correct claims:—

MISS E. MACLEOD, Port of Ness, By Stornoway. March 13th. 198,587.

HERBERT A. COLEBROOK, 64, Lovejoy Street, Old Kent Road. March 27th. 272,132.

A. H. JACKSON, 15, Eaton Terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W. March 27th. 301,736.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 17th:—

092530	259300	578053	800102
018758	263403	585840	833211
027[illegible]	263488	593201	856512
044604	401365	593679	878098
068913	443245	615555	914615
078547	478850	659416	961004
095927	504602	673246	985311
108308	504437	687415	A000540
129900	542276	708289	A025622
142752	549310	752681	A093415

The 'A' prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published April 29th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 12 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. April 24th, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 464. Week ending Saturday, April 24th, 1915. One Penny.

Wonderful attractions in this week's number.

"Everywoman's Weekly."

25 Silver-plated Toilet Caskets Given Away.

Take home a copy to-day.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copy of "JOHN BULL" for April 17th, 1915, bearing on its Cover the Number 048,740.

Any person possessing this copy should apply to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Our Campaign.

At the time of going to press, we have just returned from a wonderful demonstration at Coventry, where the employees of the various firms engaged in the production of war material have heartily responded to our appeal to sink all grievances and disputes, pending the termination of hostilities. And now we are off to the Albert Hall, for a "few words" at the Sports Display for the benefit of the British Red Cross Society.

Our New Feature.

This is the day of the boxing boom, and everyone will be interested to read the pithy notes on our sporting page by Mr. Eugene Corri, the famous Referee, in regard to the time-honoured British sport.

The Zeppelins.

Don't let us laugh at these exploits. We have already warned the country that the present visits are merely in the nature of experiment, and that a whole fleet will soon be coming; which is one of the things that make us so furious when we find the Government wagging its wise head about the respective merits of whisky and ginger-pop! And, by the way, are you insured against damage to either person or property? If not, hurry up and send in the free coupon which appears on page 24, where you will find details of the most generous scheme yet placed before the public. Meanwhile we are busy paying claims.

"Young Gladstone."

That is what they always called him. And now, poor chap, he has given his life for us. Try to realise the changed times in which we live. A Gladstone killed in battle! Well, God bless his soul—he died in a great cause.

"Save us from our Friends."

We had a nasty turn when we read in the *Globe* the other day—apropos of our suggestion that every shirker in the shipyards and war munition shops should be handed over to the Recruiting Officer and made an Army conscript, under the common law of the land, that Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.P., had put forward a similar proposal in the columns of our roseate contemporary a few days earlier. But on referring to the article indicated, we were relieved to find that somebody had been pulling the Editor's leg. It has long been an axiom of journalism that a good Editor never writes for his paper—but we did think that he read it.

"Hang them Now."

"A *rope* in time *hangs* thirty-nine," we said, after the capture of the survivors of the two submarines a few weeks ago. And now, because we are not according to these pirates, caught red-handed in their murderous designs, the "honours of war," a similar number of honourable British officers have been cast into prison. Well, we shall know what to do the next time we sink a submarine and see the German sailors struggling in the sea. "No prisoners" must be our motto.

Industrial Shirkers.

Elsewhere we give our contribution to the solution of the industrial situation, as gathered from inquiries made, during our recent visit to Glasgow, into the position on the Clyde, and conveyed to a grand meeting of grand chaps from the yards and workshops. We commend our plan as an alternative to the panic legislation now being discussed.

Old Hindenburg Again.

Old Hindenburg has been at it again. In an interview with Cabasino Renda, the Italian journalist, he said, "The manner in which the Russians fight to-day shows that the War cannot last long." Hindenburg may not be fortunate as a warrior, but we verily believe he will get home as a prophet.

Unexpected Candour.

The *Daily Citizen* tells us that a delegate of the recent I.L.P. Conference at Norwich, wishing to buy tobacco, entered a shop, and did not discover until he had asked for the weed that he was in a baby-linen establishment. This is the sort of man we would put on barley water.

Zeppelin Raids! MORE claims paid. See page 24.

A Woman to Women.

Miss Emily Hobhouse has done a bad service to all the vital and splendid causes for which this war stands by her appeal "To Women throughout Europe," to use their influence among men for the cessation of hostilities. Miss Hobhouse is a high-minded lady who means well, but the women of Europe, by their steadfast support of their husbands, and lovers, and brothers, must give her to understand in common with all other premature peacemongers that the time for peace is not yet. We fight for the women and the children. Their suffering and sacrifice are immeasurable, but the War was not our seeking. What cared Germany, the maker of the War, for the suffering and sacrifice of women and children? Has Miss Hobhouse already forgotten the rape and rapine of Belgium? Has she forgotten, or has she not heard, how the women and children were sometimes driven before German troops, a living shield for their savagery and their shame? We fight this War that we may have peace; the peace of civilisation, and liberty and justice, and righteousness, not the peace of militarism, subjection, injustice, and wrong; the peace of the conqueror, not that of the conquered; a peace which will bless our dear motherland and the world for generations to come—in a word, a peace which will go far to save our souls for earth as well as heaven.

Civic Waste.

Anxious perhaps to be in the fashion in these expensive times, the Leeds Corporation announce an all-round increase of rates to the merry tune of one shilling in the pound. At a recent meeting of the Leeds District Property Owners' Association, Mr. F. W. Rhodes severely criticised the administration which has resulted in this excessive demand upon the purses of the ratepayers, and, in the course of a vigorous speech, roundly charged the City Council with "gross mismanagement of the affairs of the city." Proceeding to give chapter and verse for his allegations, Mr. Rhodes declared that "in one case five workmen had journeyed twice to a half-crown cottage to move a gas-meter, and seven days later two more men went to relay two flags." This instance of bungling extravagance was by no means isolated. "In another case two Corporation workmen were engaged thirteen days, with a watchman twelve nights, laying down a drain, while two contractor's men put in a precisely similar drain in two days, with a watchman one night. The contractor's labour cost 22s., but to the Corporation the labour cost was £7 3s." Lucky Leeds!

My Wife won't let Me.

Apropos of some correspondence between Mr. McKenna and the Secretary of the League of the Man in the Street, we note that the Executive of that organisation is very indignant with the right hon. gentleman because he has rather curtly refused to receive a deputation of trade-unionists, who desired to controvert the slanders of teetotal representatives with regard to the behaviour of our soldiers and their wives—to which allegations he had recently lent a sympathetic ear. The League, however, must not be too severe on the Home Secretary. In November last, in these columns, we referred to a deputation of ladies who waited on him, and we noted that they took the precaution of bringing Mrs. McKenna with them. On that occasion he was most docile, and promised "after having heard such a body of opinion," to do his utmost to "extend measures of temperance reform for women, men, soldiers and civilians for all time." Perhaps it was a case—slightly varying the singing of Miss Vesta Tilley—of: "I can't see my way To meet your League to-day, My wife won't let me."

The Old Story.

A correspondent sends us the following confirmation of our well-known slogan, "If you see it in John Bull it *is* so":—

Extracts from an article in John Bull, *published on January 20th*:—

German Mischief Brewing—Combined Aircraft, Submarine and Coast Raid Coming. (*Headlines.*)

If you think the Huns are going to rest content with these little demonstrations, you are hugging a big delusion. *They are merely experiments*, and for some time past the enemy has been planning a spectacular descent upon England. . . . *The attack is intended*. . . . We want to know at once what we are to do when the bombs begin to drop and the shells begin to burst, and, possibly, a raiding party begins to land.

Extracts from an article in the "Cologne Gazette," published on January 21st:—

[*After commenting on the Zeppelin air-raid over Yarmouth, King's Lynn, etc., the "Gazette" continues*]—

Since this has been proved possible, we can now visit also London, and make further long flights over England. These excursions will take place though England calls up all the arms at her disposal. . . . Not alone from the air but also from the sea, England will be attacked by means of submarines and torpedo-boats, and German soldiers will be landed on British soil, so that the British nation may experience the war which she perfidiously provoked.

Were they Spies?

At a recent session of the Dover Borough Police Court, Jan Smit, a Dutchman, and Louis Kuppens, a Belgian, were charged under the Aliens' Restrictions Act with failure to notify their movements to the police. It seems that both men had lately been roaming about on the Continent with German passports, while at the time of their arrest they were lodging at an hotel in Dover, a town which for obvious reasons has been declared a "prohibited area." The defendants were ready with a plausible explanation of their Continental expedition, but they seem to have been at a loss to account for their sojourn at Dover, nor did they satisfactorily explain their failure to report to the police. In these circumstances, there was a strong case for the forcible detention of the culprits, but the magistrates, while dilating upon the gravity of their offence, elected to dismiss both men with a fine of fifty shillings In the present posture of affairs, such ill-considered clemency is a public offence.

Poor Pensioners.

When the Old Age Pensions Act was in course of parliamentary manufacture, it was commonly understood that the pension was to be an honourable boon free from the faintest social stigma. It seems, however, that the officials administering the Act have a peculiar fondness for Poor Law nomenclature, and in certain administrative forms recently circulated among pensioners the term "pauper" is freely applied to recipients of the State bounty. A reader explains that his parents, both old-age pensioners, have never been "on the parish," and are much hurt at the bestowal of a title whose associations they have so long striven to avoid. He has told them "never to mind," but to his sorrow finds that the old folks are not so "thick-skinned" as himself. Thickness of skin rarely accompanies thinness of substance, but the notion that the poor are cased in rhinocerous hide is hard to eradicate from the official mind.

More Praise from the Parsons.

From the Rev. Edwin Child, of Whitfield, Glos., —to whom we recently took off our hat—"I am a constant reader of your paper and am convinced that it is the finest weapon in existence for winning the causes of the people."

Huge war prizes offered by "Bullets" this week. See page 36.

Recruiting Repressed.

It seems that four men from the Skipton Gas Works have already joined the Colours, and in view of this serious depletion of staff the Gas Committee have resolved to damp the military ardour of their employees. They recently instructed the Gas Manager that, should other men enlist, "it does not necessarily follow that their places will be kept open for them." For some reason or other, this patriotic resolution was not recorded upon the Minutes of the Committee, and congratulations are due to Councillor T. Duckett, through whose efforts it has at length been exposed to the light of day. We gather that there is one man employed at the Gas Works whose services have been specially requisitioned by the Commanding Officer of the Skipton Depot, but the Committee have refused to "allow" him to serve his King and country, their action being subsequently endorsed by the Urban District Council. Such want of patriotism is happily rare in the realm of municipal affairs.

Tardy Trams.

Apropos of the "short-time" trouble at some of the armament factories, a correspondent to a Northern newspaper thinks that "if Lord Kitchener were in the Scotswood Road any morning, and saw the workmen standing in the snow and rain waiting for a car to be taken to work, he would have something to say about the tram service in the City of Newcastle." The writer declares that he and his mates have frequently waited more than half-an-hour for their morning car, while upon the return journey at night the men are packed into the trams "like the people in the 'Black Hole of Calcutta.'" We commend these complaints to the notice of the Newcastle Tramways Committee, who have a direct responsibility in the matter. If it is true that "men have left Armstrong's on account of not being able to get to and from the works," the municipal authorities are severely to blame. In the matter of armament production, every man and every minute counts.

Socks and Souls.

Some of the soldiers at the White City have been issued new socks at sixpence a pair, which does not look dear. But in one of the socks was found the following note: "Dear Soldier, I hope these socks will be all right for you. Sending my best wishes with them, hoping that the war will soon be over. God never forgets His children—He never forsakes his own. He marks their paths so lonely everywhere they go." Then follow the name and address of an Oldham woman. Were the socks sent as gifts to our soldiers by some religiously minded ladies, and got mixed up with the Government issues; or are they made by paid workers, who put in pious messages *con amore?*

A Needed Warning.

We wish to utter a word of warning to some of our fighting men. Don't try and dodge the Censor when you are writing home. When you are told that your whereabouts are to be kept secret, you may rely upon it that there is some good cause for the action. We know of cases where the rule has been broken quite innocently, and, unfortunately, those who have received the news have been bragging about it.

A Treat for Tommy.

On another page we acknowledge the receipt of further subscriptions for the provision of Health and Comfort parcels for our soldiers. Every farthing you can spare is, however, required if all our men are to be made happy. Subscriptions should be addressed to Soldiers' "Health and Comfort" Department, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

Mulcted Marines.

Anybody who has anchored off St. Helena, even for a few hours while the ship was coaling or transferring mails, must have pitied the poor people who live there. As a military station it is no catch and is second only in all kinds of discomforts to those cinder heaps, Aden and Ascension. We have a growl, and a very legitimate one, from the Marines sent there when the war broke out. They complain that a few days after they landed they were placed under the Army Act and turned into ordinary Tommies, losing fourpence a day per man as messing allowance. Further, they have been diddled out of the colonial pay that has always been given to the troops stationed there, although the pay and allowance of their officers have been very materially increased. Those "Jollies" do not belong to the War Office. They are Winston Churchill's men, and we put the matter to him, confident that the chaps will receive their rights. There are no finer fellows in all the British services than the Royal Marines, and we must not break faith with them.

A Saucy Surveyor.

No less a person than his Majesty's Surveyor of Taxes for the Borough of Grimsby was lately summoned at the local Police Court for a breach of the Lighting Order recently made by the Brigadier-General commanding the Humber defences. Detective-Inspector Dixon declared that, on passing the Custom House, he found its windows bare of blinds or screens, several departments being brilliantly illuminated. The Surveyor had not only refused to shroud the offending lights, but had been shockingly rude to the Detective-Inspector, whom he blasphemously pronounced to be "nothing but a Special." For this froward behaviour, and for his failure to comply with the orders of the military, the misguided servant of the Crown has now been fined one shilling sterling, with costs to a much larger amount, without exemption or abatement. Having duly surveyed this tax, he may perhaps think twice ere next he trifles with military law.

A Misguided M.P.

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., who is deeply bitten with the disloyal heresies of the Macdonald clique, has been making a somewhat forlorn attempt to put himself right with his disgusted constituents in the Stirling Burghs. The Executive Committees of the local Liberal Associations recently foregathered at the Station Hotel, Stirling, and there for the space of an hour or so were harangued by their member upon "the attitude he had taken up with regard to Britain's intervention in the war." So much we gather from a private minute of the proceedings, but as no reporters were invited to the meeting, we are left to guess the rest. Meanwhile, we learn that these domestic interchanges have in no way mollified the Liberal stalwarts, who keenly resent the mischievous activities of their "chosen representative."

A Derby Sweepstake.

We recently threw out the suggestion that the members of the sporting fraternity should put up a prize fund for a Derby "sweep," the whole of the tickets to be distributed free amongst the wounded soldiers at present located in a portion of the Grand Stand buildings—thus giving them a special interest in the great race. With characteristic generosity, our suggestion has been warmly taken up by leading members of the "ring" and others, and next week we hope to announce full details of the scheme—which must not, however, be confused with the "John Bull Derby Sweep," now being promoted by Mr. Patrick O'Brien, of Lucerne.

Great new Free Sporting Competition. £100 must be won. See page 32.

Officers lodging with Germans.

We referred, last week, to the fact that the Crystal Palace Hotel is owned by an alien enemy, and has billeted on it British naval officers for whom ample accommodation might be found, either in the Palace itself, or in neighbouring hostelries run by licensed victuallers of British birth. From what transpired in a case heard at the West London Police Court the other day, it appears that this scandal is not confined to the South-East district of London, for it was stated in evidence that officers in his Majesty's army and navy were living at a boarding house kept by a German woman at Shepherd's Bush. The Hon. John de Grey regarded this as a serious matter, remarking that it was the duty of every officer in His Majesty's service to clear out of any house kept by a German—good, bad or indifferent. And so say all of us, except, apparently, the military and naval authorities.

Every Man a Soldier.

Conscription is poking its head in. At least, a Ballot Act may be put in force before we know where we are. "K.K." is not really satisfied with the response to the appeal to be seen on every taxi-cab and motor and on every hoarding. And he is up against the man who wants only home service. "K.K." is our military dictator, and a good dictator too; and if he does not get what he wants, he will throw up his job. Meanwhile those idiotic scales of weights and measures are keeping thousands and thousands of keen young chaps out of khaki, and we have had bags of letters from victims, with badges of rank, complaining that colonels who have commanded their battalions are offered captaincies and majors are offered second subalternships if they really care to go out again; although boys who never smelled powder or handled Tommies are given commissions and placed in charge of troops!

The Vicar of Stantonbury.

An obvious queer packet of holiness is the Vicar of Stantonbury, by name the Rev. A. Newman Guest. Recently he has issued two circulars to his parishioners. Therein he alleges that Christians who meet for worship outside the Church are nothing but clubs; affirms that unchristened Nonconformists are like good Jews or virtuous Chinamen—excellent pagans; claims that chapels are voluntary societies broken away from the Vine and destined to perish like the Penticostal Roller Church of America, and finally expresses his longing for the day when English will go to Mass, "having been shriven in penitence and absolution by their own lawful English clergy." As the Northampton *Echo* describes our rev. friend as "a big, burly, and genial Irishman who can make a joke and takes one," we assume this is one of the jokes he makes; whether it is one which those whom he addresses are willing to take is another story.

Latest from Whitehall.

"Yes, sir; not a doubt of it, sir," was the confident assurance of the guardian of the outer portals of a Government department; "it's all over the place—eight German warships sunk to three British." And all over the place it was; the result of the Battle in the North Sea. Yet that great naval victory was a mirage of the sea, just as, in the earlier stages of the War, the rushing of the Russians to the aid of France was an illusion of the land. There is a school of philosophy which teaches that nothing is real, that everything is either illusion or delusion, and, 'pon our word, we shall soon begin to believe it if we do not cease to read the daily and evening newspapers. Marvellous in this world are the things which never happen.

A Gold Coast Gem.

An Edinburgh correspondent sends us a typewritten letter he has received from a Mr. James E. Mensah, of Cape Coast, Gold Coast, W.C.A., which is a gem of native composition. We think it is entitled to be called a super-human document, and is a good example of the cadging that is the frequent consequence of missionary effort amongst the dusky tribes. It begins:

> Dear Comrade,—This refers me a great deal in having reading a certain newspaper in which I came across your name and full address which attracted my mind to the state of writing you that I should like to keep correspondence with you. And I hope no doubt you will gladly have that. I am fond of reading newspapers and I shall be much pleasure in having a photo from me, surely you will do so to my systematically opinions. I wish you to reply this early as possible. Wishing you robust health,
>
> I am, yours sincerely,
>
> James E. Mensah.

Our correspondent asks what is our "candid opinion" of the above screed. Our "systematically opinions" are that Mr. Mensah will never want for the sake of asking. What surprises us is that he does not make a pathetic appeal for a Bible and some chocolate, which is the usual hypocritical wheeze of the slim but illiterate native. But he probably reserves that for his second communication.

Distress on the Distressed.

The Marylebone Borough Council lately summoned a woman for the non-payment of her rates. She explained to the Bench that, in the absence of her soldier son on active service at the Front, she had paid *his* rates and wanted time in which to pay her own. That was a defence which would have appealed to our compassion and our patriotism. But it did not touch the Cadi who deals out justice at Marylebone, and he granted the Borough Council leave to issue a warrant of distress. How this will hearten that woman's son in the trenches when he hears of it! How it will fan the flame of patriotism that burns within his breast! How he will rejoice to know that, whilst he is risking limb and life for his King and country, his mother is suffering the indignity and pain of a distress upon her home, because she thought of him before herself! Thus do Borough Councils and magistrates aid recruiting.

After the War is Over.

There is, at any rate, one sanguine man in Blackburn. Mr. J. J. Green, a director of the Chamber of Commerce, "At the end of the war," so said he at a meeting of members, "our parliamentary system would be reconstructed, the heads of departments would be trained men fitted for the work, and the Board of Trade would become what it was intended to be, with trained business men at its head." We have certainly done our best to expedite this consummation so devoutly to be wished, and we hope for much after the war, but—— However, we will wait and see.

Never Despair.

According to the semi-official *North German Gazette*, the German war treasure at Spandau has consisted from the beginning of 10 and 20 marl pieces, "and never contained a single British sovereign." That is a pity; but hope beats eternal in the German chest. When the Uhlans arrive in London, they can have the whole Bank of England.

"Notice."

Notice in the ladies' waiting room of a District Railway Station: "In the absence of the Ladies' Attendant, the Station Inspector will look in occasionally to see that this room is being made proper use of." We deprecate any remarks on the matter.

The "John Bull" Pen—thousands in use at the front. Send one to your friend.

BARKS AND BITES.

BY OUR BULL-DOG.

(A page of caustic notes from the pen of a well-known writer.)

Under the Lee of Lord K.

The way in which Ministers ride at anchor under the lee of Lord Kitchener reminds one of a fleet of frail feluccas sheltering under the lee of Lemnos during a winter gale in the Eastern Mediterranean. Ministers neither admit nor deny the charges brought against them of lack of foresight and organisation, and failure to do work for which they are paid. They crouch behind Kitchener. Neither whisky nor the working man is the cause of the present insufficiency of munitions. Thanks to the Bottomley movement for a Business Government, the public are now getting their bearings. The average man is beginning to see things, not as the mandarins desire the tax-paying coolies of Britain to see them, but as they really are. But we have a long way to travel, and we need the help of every worker.

The Dardanelles.

It is now plain that the attack on the Dardanelles was no naval necessity. It was a political coup. Mr. Churchill will either be justified by success and rewarded with the Vice-Royalty of India, or his failure will be followed by retirement from the Ministry and the triumph of recalcitrant Sea Lords. It is possible that the Antwerp fiasco is defensible (even on political grounds alone), but the ordinary man will never understand why politicians in armchairs should expect untrained armed men, who are neither soldiers nor sailors, to succeed in battle against the best-trained troops in Europe. In the Antwerp trenches brave men were taught for the first time to fix bayonets.

Lord ——'s Liveliness.

Rumours of a shameful peace continue. A certain peer has been active in France. Vibrating between the headquarters of General Joffre and the headquarters of General French, he has displayed "a certain liveliness." To say the least, it is unwise of the noble lord (even privately) to foreshadow a peace that would leave in German hands a pistol levelled at the heart of England. I may return to this subject. He that is not with us is against us.

Prisoners and Captives.

In the whole round world there is no body of men in worse case than the British prisoners in Germany. Will they ever leave Germany alive? Knowing the Hun nature, I doubt it. As reprisal for the internment of German submarine crews, who murdered our women and children on unarmed British ships, the Germans have placed thirty-nine English officers "in military detention barracks." Mark the word "English." The Irish prisoners of Germany have behaved magnificently in refusing to accept better terms offered to them. Why mince matters? The Germans treat honourable English officers as criminals. They reckon one English officer as equivalent to one second-class German stoker or cabin-boy. We are getting on. Will they stop there? Of two things one: Either the German Government must be forced to see that reprisals against English prisoners do not pay Germany, or our Government, lying under the lee of Lord Kitchener, are negligent of our interests. Reprisals against German prisoners in this country I have always considered as stupid, because the German General Staff does not value German lives. Every German prisoner in England might be shot to-morrow without inducing the Huns to change their policy by a hair's breadth.

Hun Greed.

What the Huns want is money—English money—not humanity. For chivalry, Donington Hall, Diyatalawa in Ceylon, or kindness to German prisoners anywhere, Huns have no use. A Business Government would recognise promptly that since the weak spot of the Huns is love of money, ill-treatment of thirty-nine British officers should be met by prompt confiscation of German property in the British Empire. Mr. Harcourt is not a business man, and therefore he is not wholly responsible for his mismanagement of the Crown Colonies. The Singapore scandal is proof positive of Mr. Harcourt's administrative incompetence. But German wealth in Singapore, in Ceylon, in the British Isles and throughout the Empire is at the mercy of our saintly and ascetic Cabinet. The ill-treatment of thirty-nine British officers should not be met by reprisals against German officers, but by the confiscation of German cash. German shareholders of companies domiciled in England provide the means for punishing the Huns.

There is no difficulty whatever in collecting a couple of million pounds sterling from enemy aliens within forty-eight hours of any piratical act by German submarines, or whenever authentic evidence is received at the Foreign Office of the ill-treatment of British prisoners. Major Vandaleur's story makes it clear that the murder of twenty thousand English prisoners is contemplated by the Huns. The protection of German interests, and the laxity of control of German enemies in our midst, is creating tension of a dangerous type.

The Alienation of Belgium.

Some of us who have had the privilege of entertaining Belgian refugees have recently become conscious of a change of tone on the part of our honoured guests. To their country and to their sovereign, Europe is under indelible obligation. Belgian refugees in England are now receiving the skilled attention of the German spy department. Circulars are distributed furtively, but successfully, which "prove" to the Belgians that Britain, not Germany, originated the war. I have not heard a single instance in which the police, the County Constabulary, the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty, the Intelligence Department of the War Office, the Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office, or any other of the twelve departments among whom responsibility for detecting German espionage is distributed, has taken any step to prevent the German evil. The circulars have a printer. A competent subaltern in any one of these twelve departments could discover in forty-eight hours the source of the poison that embitters our Belgian guests against their hosts.

Expel Them Now.

Destructive criticism is unbusinesslike. Constructive criticism is the touchstone by which all business criticism of government should be tested. The organisation of industry, the regimentation of dock labourers, and the substitution of German lager for English ale may be good things in their way. But they will be of no avail as long as Britain is enmeshed in the poisoned shirt of the German Nessus. Every man, woman and child in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales should be registered and bear a registration number. And undesirable aliens should be expelled from the country without loss of time. The British Empire contains ten thousand islands under the Flag—many of them in excellent climates. The business of life to-day, to-morrow and the day after is to win the war. We cannot do this business while the enemy either controls our national policy or directs domestic administration. It is better that one innocent alien should suffer than that ninety-nine guilty ones should not be expelled. The eczema of Germanism needs strong medicine. Expulsion will cure it.

DON'T TRY US TOO MUCH.

THE NATIONAL WORMS ARE BEGINNING TO TURN.

Nobody can accuse us of disloyalty to the Government since the tragedy of the great war broke upon our country. From the firing of the first shot we put away all the weapons of political strife, and locked the armoury door. And although at times sorely tempted to seize the key again, we have so far restrained ourselves, on the principle which we have consistently enunciated, that in time of national crisis, not only "my country—right or wrong," but "my Government—good or bad" is the motto of the patriot. And so we have said, in effect, to the Powers that Be, "Treat us all as worms; do with us as you will—*but get on with the war.*" And we have submitted uncomplainingly to every demand made upon us. We have become something approaching a nation of human automata, *pro tem.*, and much against the grain. We have taken dirty little "scraps of paper" in exchange for our good British gold; have paid more for our food and coals; put out our lights, drunk windy ginger pop with our supper, and gone to bed early; in short, we have been good, docile little worms. But even a worm will turn—and we are beginning to feel that we are being fooled.

Blissful Ignorance.

We do not seriously complain of the fact that as a nation we are being kept in the dark regarding matters of vital interest—well known to many of us. In time of war it is essential that the spirit of the people should be maintained at a high pitch of enthusiasm, and provided always—as the lawyers say—that the country is not misled as to the certainty of ultimate victory, it may well be that in the general interest ignorance is bliss, and that it would be "folly to be wise"—using the phrase in its colloquial sense and not being taken as admitting that wisdom and knowledge are synonymous terms. But all this being granted, we do venture to suggest that a little "speeding up" in the matter of official information is not very much less important than in that of the production of war munitions. For instance, we have only just had the official story of how in October last the allied navies succeeded in checking the march upon Calais. And although the account—the official account—of Neuve Chapelle is less belated, surely it might have come earlier, and in time to allay the sinister stories which have been upon everyone's lips during the past fortnight—and, in all the circumstances, when it *did* come, might have taken us a little more into confidence, and have told us, with due regard to our nerves, at least as much as is known to the enemy. Still, as we say, we will let all these things pass—giving our good friend Sir Stanley Buckmaster absolute, despotic control over our news supply. But there we draw the line.

Muddle or Corruption?

To the Government—to the Admiralty—to the War Office—we must speak plainly. You are sheltering yourselves behind the drink bogy. If there be a shortage of ammunition, it is your own fault, and yours only. Why, in the name of Heaven, when war broke out, didn't you commandeer every workshop in the country? *We*, at any rate, warned you that "industrial mobilisation" was as important as military and naval—and Lord Kitchener *must* have told you the same thing. And yet not till after eight months of war do you suddenly wake up to the necessity of the situation. Why is it? *Who has been keeping you back?* We demand an answer. *Who are the traitors within the camp?* Come, let us know. Just consider what has been done in regard to other vital matters. Take coal. Who is responsible for the appointment of a Committee consisting of the late secretary of the Prime Minister—a worthy young gentleman, who has never done a day's business in his life; a professor from Birmingham, two officials dug out from the Board of Trade—and Will Crooks! And take the case of the timber contract. It is no worse than many another which we could easily bring to light, but for our view that the time is not now for discussing these things. But since the matter has been made public, was ever anything more ridiculously inept, from a Business point of view, done in the name of Government? It is difficult, however, to convince the ordinary hard-headed man of commerce that mere stupidity is the explanation. "Tell that to the marines," said a City merchant to us the other day—adopting a colloquial term for which we apologise to our gallant sea-soldiers—"*somebody's in it.*" And Ministers have only themselves to blame if people talk and think in this way.

Take Cotton. Why has Germany been permitted to accumulate a stock of a million bales, half of which has been obtained through neutral countries, and half through her own ports? We might just as well have permitted the import of gunpowder itself; and here, again, we have a question to ask: *Why has cotton been excluded from contraband?* To please America? What is America doing for us? Or did the Government think the cotton was required to make summer socks for soldiers? Even then, it should have been prohibited.

Take the question of Shipping Rates and Food Supplies. We are shortly to have a resumption of the Black Sea grain trade. What is being done to prevent speculators getting control of that market also? We venture to say that the idea has never yet entered the mind of any Government department.

Here is an extract from a protest received by us from a prominent man of Business: "The Board of Trade are doing all they can to protect German interests. German firms in this country are still allowed to go on trading, and everything is done to protect their interests and large sums of money are being paid into special funds derived from

patents which will be handed over to them after the war. Krupp's even after the war will receive royalties on war stores made in this country, manufactured under their patents!"

And here is another: "It is perfectly impossible for Britain to start an aniline dye business without protection. The German Cartel, the Badische Co., which controls the aniline dyes, has a capital of forty millions, and it will take us years to arrive at the stage which they have. I am quite certain this Government scheme will be a fiasco, for not only time, but huge sums of money will have to be spent for experimental purposes to build up a trade which could compete successfully with the Germans. This matter has been left in the hands of J. M. Robertson, who until he started to manage the Business affairs of the nation was a paid lecturer of the Liberal Party!" And yet Mr. Lloyd George has been "spoofed" into the belief that "we are fighting Germany, Austria and Drink, and the greatest of these three deadly foes is—Drink." And we have a Government organ declaring that the Drink problem eclipses in its urgency and importance even that of the shortage of munitions! Isn't it pitiful? Isn't it tragic? Isn't it wicked? The deadliest foe we are fighting to-day is Official Ineptitude. And the sooner the Government understands the truth, the better. This is no time for Mission Hall talk. We are engaged in the bloody business of War. Bands of Hope are all right in their way, but to-day we want bands of Hope and Glory.

The Drink Bogy.

We say again, and we say it deliberately, this Drink bogy is a mere device to shield Ministers and others from responsibility for the present deadlock—if, indeed, deadlock there be—in the production of war munitions. It is the proverbial red herring. In no serious sense—so far as the workmen are concerned—*is* there any drink trouble. The whole thing is a got-up affair by the professional pumpuritans (who are artfully hiding in the background), and is a damnable libel upon the working classes. And the Government is making us ridiculous and contemptible in the eyes of Germany, and, what is worse, in the eyes of our Allies. When Mr. Lloyd George is taken to task for defaming the industrial community he says, "No, I spoke only of a small minority." Then why this panic legislation? And why that absurd declaration that Drink was a deadlier foe to-day than either Germany or Austria? At the time of writing, we do not know what the Cabinet intends to propose, but it is understood that the sale of whisky is to be prohibited—a direct and scandalous insult to Scotland and Ireland. And how futile! When poor Marie Antoinette was told that the people were clamouring for bread, and that there was none, she innocently suggested, "Why not give them cake?" And if whisky is prohibited, brandy will take its place. We are an adaptable race, and shall soon get used to the change. What rot it all is! Will not somebody now suggest the suspension of conjugal rights? A much stronger case could be made out for the proposal. Nero fiddled whilst Rome was burning. And the historian of the future is to write that the King of England was compelled to drink ginger-beer whilst his mighty Empire was on its trial. His Majesty has been shamefully misled, and whilst acknowledging the splendid sense of duty which has prompted him to set the example in alcoholic abstinence during the war, we at least ask that the Government shall be guided by this Royal hint that voluntary self-denial, and not State compulsion, should decide our conduct.

Get On With It!

What the Government has to do is to get on with the war. The winter months are gone; Spring is coming—and it must come in more senses than one. *We* must spring—spring upon the enemy, and, without further ado, drive him across the Rhine. *Then* we may take a few weeks' rest, whilst getting ready to storm the forts and fortresses, and make for Berlin. We have plenty of men now, and plenty of ammunition, for *that* purpose—and we can keep the supply going all right. Leaving Italy out altogether—if she *will* insist upon being left out—the combined field forces of the Allies are at least equal to those of Germany and Austria—whilst their navies are supreme. Then why wait any longer? We are becoming tired of waiting. The other day we were forcing the Dardanelles; how are we getting on with *that* job? Do let us know something definite. No, we are not grumbling—we are simply uttering, in a mild way, what the Man-in-the-street is swearing about. We have lost in casualties of one kind and another, a hundred and fifty thousand men, and we are prepared to lose half a million if necessary. *But do let us get on with the job.* The Germans have been very obliging by waiting in the trenches whilst we have been getting ready. Now is the time to strike. Kitchener's first Army is complete, and eager for action. The enemy is disorganised and harassed, and is busy preparing her Zeppelin raid. Let us knock the stuffing out of her *now*. Of course, we do not pretend to be military experts, and we have supreme confidence in Lord Kitchener and his generals. But we have a kind of idea that they are not being given a free hand—a sort of notion that there are influences at work to bring about a premature, patched-up peace—and it damps our recruiting ardour. And we do not speak altogether without our book. We *know* that in high places a desire exists to end the war on terms which will not involve the annihilation of the German Empire. That is no good to us. Such influences should have been exerted *before* hostilities commenced. We are in it, and we mean to go through it—right to the bitter end. If we were not convinced of that, we would not travel another yard to get recruits—nor would we encourage men to join the colours. Kaiserism, and all that it stands for, must be abolished once and for ever. The German Empire must become a thing of the past, and there must be no further menace to the peace of Europe, or the position of the British race, in our time or that of our children, or our children's children.

Will Lord Kitchener kindly say just a word or two, by way of a change, about the *immediate* outlook?

IF CHRIST CAME TO BRITAIN.

A NEW USE FOR THE CHURCHES—SANCTIFIED HOSPITALS.

By A. G. Hales.

Is real religion dead, or is it only asleep? On all sides we hear of preachers and parsons who openly declare they want to help our soldiers and sailors during this war. One is working full time in a shell manufactory and does his religious duties as well. Another is filling a clerical job in one of the War Office departments, and works full time. A bishop has gone to the front to bless our banners in the field, and in many and various ways the clergy are displaying activity, and yet it seems that in the most vital way in which gentlemen of their calling might aid our arms nothing is being done, or suggested. We have a teeming host of wounded men who should be quartered in England, and there will, in all human probability, be many thousands more before we have broken German power, and made freedom secure for unborn generations of British origin. Every wounded soldier and sailor should, as quickly as the exigencies of war permit, be transported to his native land, and, whenever possible, to his native town or village, so that he might have the solace of knowing that he was near his friends and relatives. It is in this direction that churchmen of all creeds and denominations might assist the nation at this crisis in our history, and do so whilst living up to the high-water-mark of the teaching of the Man of Sorrows. Preachers should remember that "The Great Healer," whose doctrines they expound, was not merely a teacher and preacher. He was more a healer of the maimed and the afflicted than anything else.

Practical Christianity.

Yet in our day and generation, how few amongst those who live by inculcating His lessons have followed His example, or tried to do so. They talk—He worked; and it is because He worked that His teachings have survived the crumbling touch of the ages. In almost every village of any note in England there stands a church, mostly a work of architectural beauty. It should be the sounding board of a living faith; unfortunately, it is only too often merely a sepulchre filled with the dry bones of an almost moribund religion. Why cannot the churchmen *at once* convert all the churches in village, hamlet, town or city into hospitals for wounded men, who have won their wounds defending those places of worship from a desecrating foe? "It is the House of God," cries the shocked Pharisee, with rolling eyes and uplifted hands. Exactly so; and because each church is, or should be, a House of God, it should be handed over at a time like this to God's poor, who are worn with wounds. If a Father's house is not to be a home for His children in time of suffering and anguish, when should it be? What nobler use could a church or chapel be put to than for the housing of those who have nobly given their blood to shield the weak from the tyranny of the strong?

"Labour is Prayer."

If Christ, the great healer, came to Britain to-day, would He look quietly at the locked doors of buildings erected to His honour, and dedicated to His name? Six days nearly out of every seven, most of the churches and chapels stand idle and empty. If Christ came to Great Britain now, whilst the world is groaning with the pain of our best and bravest, He would not leave one church or chapel empty for six days and fill it with penitents on the seventh. His life was practical, useful, given up to helping those in pain or affliction. His motto was "now." And it is "now" that Britain wants a little of His teaching put into practice; it is work that makes a religion a living force. There need be no cessation of Sunday service; every preacher can preach in the open, and carry on divine service, and the people, if they be truly religious, can sit, or stand under the skies in temples not made by hands. There is not much backbone in a man's religion if he will not put up with the inconvenience of service in the open air, in order that men who have been maimed in his defence may rest in comfort. It is said, and said openly, that at least one great asylum built and set aside for the habitation of the mentally afflicted, has been turned into a hospital for the accommodation of some four thousand of our wounded men. If this is so, it should not be so. The mentally afflicted should not be turned out of the quarters they have grown accustomed to, whilst one church stands idle six days a week in Great Britain.

How to Help.

Every preacher or parson should be working every spare hour of his time to qualify himself to attend the sick and wounded, who may be sent to the churches when they are turned into hospitals; and there is no minister, or minister's wife or daughter, who should not be busy training young women to act as volunteer nurses. Where is there a village in all these isles, where the daughters of farmers and cotters would not volunteer for such service if the parish parson or minister set the example of quiet usefulness? The local doctor would be found ready and eager to instruct the volunteer nurses, and their innate womanliness would do the rest. And what is true of villages and hamlets would be found true of towns and cities. This would be far more useful and more real work for our young women than running around pushing white feathers into young men's faces, as plenty of them were doing at seaside resorts during the Easter holidays, evidently not knowing that a lad who would permit himself to be pushed into the army by a white feather would in all probability be of the class who would soon be pushed out again for the same reason. The nation does not now want show and flapdoodle; it wants work and workers, and, above all, it wants to see its suffering heroes looked after as if they were princes.

Sweet and Sacred Memories.

Thus a new and vital religion may spring into being in days of peace out of the rude ruts of war. Every mangled man who is nursed back to life and health in a church will, to the end of his days, venerate the place that gave him sanctuary in his hour of need, and he will know from his own personal experience that the churches can do something towards making earth a little more like the far-away heaven that in too many cases has hitherto been no more than a name. It is the greatest opportunity the churches and churchmen have had in our time. If it is neglected, it cannot hereafter be urged that the opportunity was not presented. As for open-air services, that is no new experience for Britons. The Covenanters in Scotland in the days of the persecutions, the Puritan fathers, and John Wesley's earlier disciples, all experienced it, and flourished upon it. Now in a noble cause it can be re-born. There should be no distinction made in this matter; all should bear their burden and play their part, from St. Pauls to the humblest Little Bethel in the land. Minister, priest, parson, curate or itinerant expounder of the Gospel should fall into line, as the Christ would have them do if He came this day to Britain.

THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

BY OUR MILITARY EXPERT.

Last week some newspapers made the belated discovery that the Germans had actually planned to waken up the tribes in Africa and get them about our ears. The same papers may like to have a record of the entire machinations of the Wilhelmstrasse in preparation for the present struggle, and here they are from the pen of one who is not unknown to Berlin and whose duty at one period was to play "the great game," as justifiable espionage or "military intelligence" work is called. At the beginning of the war Germany had in London alone over 25,000 reservists and officers on the active list. Each man had his duties mapped out for him. Some, on the signal being given, were to blow up bridges and culverts, tear up railway lines, and so on, so that when the intention of a lightning descent by Germany became known troop trains could not be moved and the landing forces of the Huns would have overspread the country. Others were to have cut the submarine cables, so that our officials on the Continent could not give the tip that the Germans were about to leave or had left to present us with their visiting cards. The main body were to assemble at rallying points to receive the arms and ammunition brought by their friends and to form themselves into bodies to reinforce the invaders. Many more, including women, were located as residents on all the high ground dominating London, for the purpose of guiding the troops and pointing out quickly the best artillery positions for the reduction of the city. They are mostly there still, by the way.

"Hell Broth" for Turkey.

Turkey was, of course, to be induced to raise the green flag and preach a Jehad, or holy war, that would call all Mohammedans to the colours, Islam being in danger; and there was much faith in the possibility of inducing the Sultan of the Senussi, south of the Atlas Mountains, to give the tip to the Mohammedans in North, South, East and West Africa to rise and sweep the British into the sea. The Kaiser knew he had big forces to deal with, since in Asia, Africa, and Oceania there were over 221,000,000 followers of Mohammed, 51,000,000 of whom are in Africa alone. Outside the Union of South Africa our regiments are exclusively native, the bulk of them Mohammedans, and the great hope of the Kaiser was that when Constantinople spoke those men would turn round and slit the throats of the British.

"Gang a-gley."

See how the whole thing has gone to pieces! If the Kaiser has any imagination he must see that he has been deserted by his much-claimed ally, God, who, indeed, "moves in a mysterious way." If the blow had been designed before wireless telegraphy, the cables would have been cut, and while we were wondering why they would not act, the German fleet, with its attendant transports and lighters, would have been on its way over the North Sea. Our railways would have been put out of action, everything would have been at sixes and sevens, we would have been caught napping, we could not have moved troops here, there, and everywhere, and the Hun would have been kicking at the gates of London within a week. But thanks to wireless, and the foresight of the First Lord of the Admiralty, our Fleet dashed over and bottled up theirs; thanks to Liége we were given time to reinforce France; thanks to the winter, we have been able to raise an army; thanks to the friendship for England of the Mohammedan, who is not so ignorant as he was a century ago, the raising of the green flag at Constantinople has had no effect. Our Mohammedan subjects are quiet, and some of them are actually hacking at the Hun! But what have we done here in our own country? We have interned some, but still we are a happy hunting-ground for dangerous aliens. If Harringay, Highgate, Hampstead, Red Hill, Sydenham, and other districts that offer splendid positions for an assault on London were close to Berlin, not a single Briton or person suspected of being friendly towards Britain would be allowed to reside there for an hour. Up to now we have been successful; we have been lucky; let us hope our luck will hold.

ORDER OF THE BOOT.

PATRIOTISM AND YOUTH IN THE VALUATION OFFICE.

While the walls of the cities shriek and flare with the posters of Lord Kitchener calling for young men and ever more young men, the Inland Revenue Land Valuation Department continues to employ a large number of young men who, single and able-bodied, were in August last prohibited from joining the Army under the Treasury Regulations referring to Civil Servants, on the ground that they were indispensable to the public service. The work of this Department is now nearing completion, so much so that a reduction of the staff has already taken place, and will continue to be the order of the day during the months ensuing. Our indictment of the Government in this connection is that the Order of the Boot is being conferred on the staff without any apparent regard to the recipient's eligibility or otherwise for the Army; many who are married and otherwise unfit are being cast into the street, while many fit and eligible are being retained. For illustration it will suffice to particularise one instance. In a provincial office three men have recently been dismissed on the ground that the State has no further need for their services; one is a married man, medically unfit, one over military age, and the other unthinkable for military service. What is taking place here is taking place elsewhere; the Departmental rule appears to be the survival of the unfittest.

It is true that not a very great amount of work in connection with the original valuation remains to be done, but General French needs young men, and ever more young men, and a Government Department is the last place where one would expect young men to be retained to exhaust the work of the office when they can be much more useful to the country at the Front. What land valuation work remains to be completed should be done by employees incapable of military service. With so much Government bill-posting, the country has a right to demand a certain proportion of Government example. Wherever the Government can release men for military service they should do so. In the case of the land valuation they can certainly do so. In so far as they fail in this direction, they are vitiating their own continual preachment.

PROSTITUTING PATRIOTISM.

BRITISH TRAVELLERS FOR GERMAN FIRMS.

This is the story of a music-hall artiste who recently sat in a barber's chair. During the operation there entered a somewhat elderly salesman, who had evidently done business in this hair-cutting and shaving saloon before. He was an Englishman, calling in the interests of a well-known German firm who make barbers' toilet specialities. "The proprietor of the brush-and-lather emporium, a neutral alien, asked the salesman how he was able to supply the German goods he offered in time of war. His reply was that arrangements had been made to manufacture all the goods in this country, and prompt deliveries could be relied on. As the barber was already stocked with similar French goods, the salesman did not get an order, but the chances are the salesman will get business later on. For any man calling himself a true-blue Briton to come around at this time soliciting for such a well-known German firm seems to me to fix him at about the limit of patriotic decadence. The episode is of sinister significance in another way: it is a sure and certain sign that after the war Germans have no intention of relinquishing their grip of British trade and commerce without a fight within our own shores, their army being largely composed of our own people. Surely now is the time to nip all such machinations in the bud." We certainly agree that if they can be nipped in the bud that is the most effective place to nip them. When the war is over there will be such prejudice against German goods and German firms that all sorts of tricks will be resorted to. In order to beat down that prejudice German travellers and agents will doubtless be replaced by British travellers and agents.

One week competition—silver-plated caskets as prizes. See "Everywoman's Weekly," out to-day.

PROBLEMS OF THE WAR.

I.—THE LIQUOR BOGEY.

By Fred. T. Jane.

(Below we publish the first of a series of important articles which we have secured from the pen of our great naval and military writer. They will, we are sure, be read with interest.)

The circumstance of a lecture tour has made me a species of Ishmaelite of late, going up and down the land spending any leisure like a "ramping and a roaring lion seeking what he may devour"—in the way of trying to discover what the nation really thinks about the war.

Compressing everything into a single phrase, I'm rather inclined to fancy that "It don't think" would best fill the bill. Certainly the general casualness is extraordinary.

Let us take one phase which anyone a year ago would have bet heavily would stir the nation to its depths—the question of compulsory teetotalism. People will discuss it mildly, and as a variant to remarks on the weather, if you start the subject, but I have only come across one man who broached it of his own accord.

He was a little pallid, knock-kneed person, with decided views as to the incompetence of Admiral Jellicoe and Field-Marshal French—especially French.

"What stands between our soldiers and the waters of the Rhine?" he asked me.

I suggested Germans: but he waved my remarks aside as flippant.

"No, sir," he laid down. "There may be hostile soldiery, but a far more insidious enemy is in our own ranks. That enemy, sir, is *Drink*. Lest you should think I speak without book, let me tell you a story.

"I some little while back encountered a young officer just back from the Front, with a wounded arm. Being interested in the welfare of our men, I asked him whether he did not consider it an excellent thing that efforts were being made to prohibit the issue of rum and water in the trenches. He replied that he cordially agreed with me. I shook his hand and begged him to explain the reasons for his conviction to a party of friends on the following evening. He consented, and as he had earned a V.C. or D.S.O., or something of that sort, we all of us naturally felt elated.

"But I regret to tell you that he had the levity to inform us that he objected to rum and water because in the trenches he always drank his rum neat! He further went on to say that he objected to Rechabites in his company, because after three days' trench work they drank more than their fair share of rum!

"Yet even from this depraved young man I extracted one important admission. He told me on his word of honour as a British officer that but for the rum ration the British troops would not occupy the positions they now hold. So it is clear as noonday why we are not at the Rhine by now!"

Clear as noonday. Maybe. But there are two ways of interpreting the statement. There appear to be plenty of these fatuous faddists about. What rum must mean to a shivering soldier who has been immersed up to his waist for hours in ice-cold water is nothing to them: they have a theory that hell was invented for those who take alcohol in any form except as ginger beer, and they hope by Act of Parliament to drive everyone to heaven. The deaths of soldiers from cold and exposure, the fortunes of the war, go for nothing alongside the fad that what suits a number of men must necessarily suit all men.

Now this minority is bent on forcing its views on the community, and the war and war-needs are merely a lever. To force a hundred men to be teetotalers because one black sheep is likely to go on the drink instead of working is rather less intelligent than the old Chinese method of putting a pig in a house and then burning down the house in order to secure roast pork!

No one denies that drunkenness is an evil or that much good money goes in drink. But there are plenty of other evils. Lots of people over-eat themselves. Many also over-dress themselves; but the man who sought to cure that by demanding that we should all go naked would soon be put in an asylum. Again, a vast sum of money and valuable time are wasted on the Party Government machine, with results that in the past have been quite as bad for the country as anything achieved by Bacchus.

To a man every working man is convinced that the whole business is a put-up job to rob him of his beer, while the wealthier folk may continue to drink as they will. And the more that he is told that this is not so the more will the British working man be convinced that it is. Out of all of which there is most imminent danger of oil being squirted by the gallon on these fires of class-hatred which it was hoped that the war would extinguish. And all because a few faddists have ideas of their own as to how the world should be run!

Yet this point of view is too generally forgotten. There is a vague sort of idea that a disease exists, and that so long as medicine of some kind is forthcoming the ingredients of the medicine do not matter, even though it be equivalent to giving a patient Epsom salts to cure a broken leg.

What may be done at home, however, is relatively a small matter compared with what may be done in the fighting line. War efficiency is not a matter to be settled by faddists, who without any knowledge whatever of circumstances wish to put into operation theories which may be right, but equally well may be wrong. Even granting the contention of the theorists that men can march better without alcoholic stimulants (except in the case of tough "old soldiers" this is probably true), there is the further question, *Will they fight better?*

It was said the reason the Russian troops were beaten in the war with Japan was that they were "drink-sodden." The clearest possible evidence was produced—after every Russian defeat vast stores of champagne and other liquors fell into the hands of the Japanese. Yet the fact was that from the day the war began strict teetotalism was enforced on all ranks of the Russian Army and Navy. No such prohibition was enforced on the Japanese. Every Japanese soldier carried a flask of brandy, and in the siege of Port Arthur Russians would go out at night with a view to stalking Japanese sentries in order to kill them and secure their brandy!

For heaven's sake, therefore, let those of us who would keep our heads in an hour of national danger and crisis see to it that the teetotal faddist is relegated to the same place as the fuddled toper, and that whatever decision as to the drink of our fighting men be arrived at, it is arrived at by unbiased experts capable of dealing only with hard facts and nothing else.

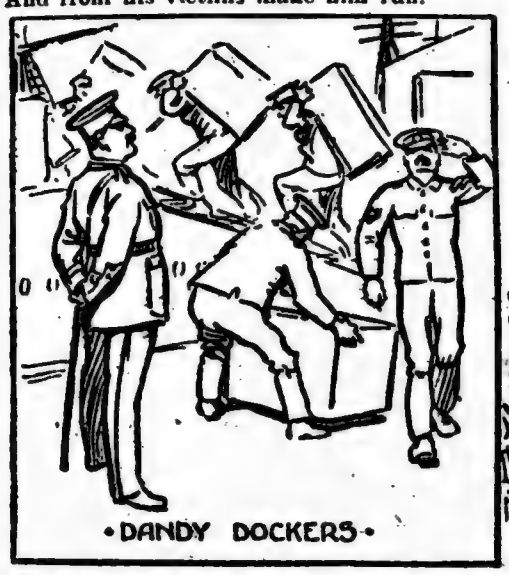
"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

Fresh from the front, the Prince returns
To show each man with ardour burns
To thrash the base ignoble Hun
And from his victims make him run.

For charity's sweet sake they throng,
And a big sum they raised ere long;
Such novel means we must approve
As nothing prompted them but love.

Now, with the tourist season's start,
Our alien guests must not depart;
They'd like to roam both near and far
But are safer much just where they are.



The Navvies' Captain's just the lad
To show the men are far from bad;
Though easy 'tis to paint them black
They're few indeed who're really slack.

If they're to make arms as they might,
'Pon them must not be put a slight;
"Hands off the people's food and drink"
Is what they clearly say and think.

When Uncle Sam speaks out his mind
The Potsdam Bully cries "Unkind;
It really was not meant for you,
Behold my tears—bohoo! bohoo!"

A SAVAGE SENTENCE.

CASE FOR LORD KITCHENER'S CONSIDERATION.

Strict disciplinarian though Lord Kitchener is, we are sure that he will hardly approve of a sentence recently passed on Private Hall, of the Wiltshires, now at the Front. Hall, we are told, was ordered to carry a tea-urn, and disobeyed, which, of course, was very wrong—although his excuse is that it was not his turn to do so; he was arrested, court-martialled, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment! Fifty-six days' field confinement would seem sufficient punishment for the crime. The young chap, we are told, has always been a keen soldier, proud of his profession, and a favourite with all his comrades. He served in India and Ireland, and has been in the thick of the fighting with his regiment since October 14th. We have been asked by his relatives to bring the matter to the notice of Lord Kitchener, and we gladly do so—adding, for his Lordship's information, that the man did not pull well with one of his superiors. His King and country still need young Hall, and it is a pity that he should have been sent to jail to eat his heart out for such a "crime." Punish severely for serious offences, by all means; but monstrous sentences such as this are bound to keep back whole battalions of would-be recruits who learn that the methods of the Wellingtonian days are still practised—save the triangle and the cat-o'-nine-tails. We trust the War Secretary will not let the sentence go unrevised. In the field, justice must necessarily be of the rough and ready variety, but it may still be tempered with mercy.

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

THE "KRONPRINZ'S" CAPTAIN CONFIRMS OUR SLOGAN.

In January last we disclosed the amazing circumstances attending the sinking of the British steamer *La Correntina* by the Huns—a story so astounding as to be received, in some quarters, with incredulity. It will be remembered that we stated that when the armed British tramp encountered the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* there was no ammunition for her guns—and the pirates were, therefore, able to loot her cargo and coal, and scuttle her—the cream of the joke being that the Germhun vessel had no guns powerful enough to sink her. We concluded: "We are informed from a responsible quarter that the ammunition which should have been on board the *Correntina* and her sister ships, *La Rosario*, *El Paraguay* and *La Negra* was actually put ashore at Liverpool." Now that the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* has been "run to earth," her Captain has been communicative to the American newspaper men, and this is what he says:—

> We had no guns when we left New York, but we knew what we were about. Our original intention was to get our armament from the *Karlsruhe*, but we ran into the British steamer *La Correntina*, which was armed but without ammunition. We took her guns. The biggest prize of our entire trip was the *Correntina*. We came up with her in the South Atlantic. She showed no fight. We just boarded her, took two 3in. guns and five million pounds of beef, and then opened the seacocks.

Captain Thieldfelder thus confirms our almost unbelievable exclusive story, and we are obliged to him for his testimony to the truth of our well-known slogan,

OUR Free War Insurance beats all. The most comprehensive and generous. See page 24.

AMAZING ANTICS OF A VICAR.

UNREPENTANT PARSON PRODUCES PISTOL IN PULPIT.

The shuffling antics of a shifty parson do not provide an edifying spectacle, and a theatrical and bombastic display of daggers and shooting-irons is equally out of place in the pulpit. Yet this unexpected and unwelcome kind of spiritual fare was served up to an astonished congregation by the Rev. W. J. Morrison, Vicar of St. Peter's, Abbeydale, Sheffield. This gentleman appeared to take singular pride in making an exhibition of himself; perhaps, in causing such a sensation, he hoped to evade the issue upon which he had been challenged.

"Seeing Red" at Redmires.

Mr. Morrison preached a Lady Day sermon which turned on morality, and he is reported to have remarked: "But he had something else worse to say, and it pained him to think of it. Up at Redmires, where the City Battalion was stationed, of an evening the place had become the rendezvous for base women and prostitutes, and he had reason to believe that the authorities not only allowed it, but connived at it." That, surely, was a direct and damning statement—if true; and it is no wonder that "the authorities," both military and police, asked for proof. Here was a district pointed at as a "rendezvous," a battalion branded with immorality, and the "authorities" actually encouraging such "goings on"! Sheffield demanded that Mr. Morrison should produce his evidence. Instead of doing so, on Easter Sunday he preached one of the most fantastic and extraordinary sermons ever perpetrated in a pulpit.

"Many whom I see here to-night," he said, "have never seen me before; perhaps will not wish to see me again. . . . Well, take a good look at me while you have the opportunity. Do I seem to be trembling in my shoes from the noise and stench of the furious 'Jack Johnsons' which have been bursting so viciously and venomously around me?" He went on to state that somebody was "thirsting for his blood." "If this meant that half-a-dozen, aided and abetted by the rest of the Battalion, would have set about one defenceless old priest and hustled and bloodletted him . . . he was not quite defenceless yet. He had a few invisible friends." He then "showed the congregation a pistol (a British bull-dog) and two daggers, mentioning that one was Belgian, and the other Spanish. When the latter went into action, it produced a red colour. 'These two friends,' he proceeded, holding up his fists, 'are white, and the bull-dog makes the adversary turn blue. So you have red, white and blue, and I salute the flag.'" The reverend gentleman then saluted the Union Jack, which was spread on the altar!

Parsonic Precisianism.

As for his slander on the young soldiers and their officers, that he denied. He said he had not mentioned the "City Battalion," and "I did not refer to, or make any mention of, 'the authorities' in the penultimate line." This denial is so very precise as to be suspicious. With meticulous exactitude he says he did not mention the authorities "in the penultimate line"—*of an abbreviated report.* It leaves open the possibility that he did make such a reference in some other portion of his address. Yet anybody who objects to his sermon "must have had his brains placed in the locality usually reserved for kicking." This is a style of humour heard in the smoking-room more often than in the pulpit.

Mr. Morrison has a son who obtained a commission in that very City Battalion under notice, but, on the death of his mother, he resigned, and the young men of Sheffield must go to the Front without him. Mr. Morrison also had a curate, named Raper, who, in May last, was mulcted in damages to the amount of £400, for the seduction of the daughter of one of Mr. Morrison's churchwardens. That was a case of flagrant immorality and lascivious lust, proceeding for months on end almost under the nose of this pantomimic parson. But he did not preach a sermon on the subject, nor did he call to order any "authorities" in connection with an offence which touched the honour of his own church. If ever there was a clear case of the mote and the beam, here you have it.

WREFORD IN THE WRONG.

EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE FROM EXETER.

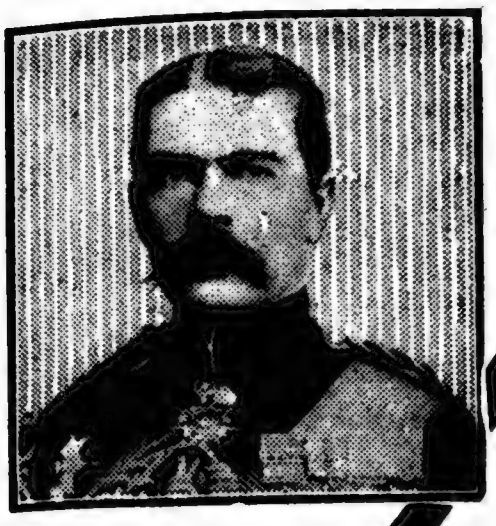
All Exeter's citizens—except, of course, the water-brained cranks—are seriously concerned by the extraordinary evidence submitted, in the local police court, by one Police Sergeant Wreford, in a recent case of drunkenness. To all appearance this man of stripes, for some reason yet to be observed, has set himself to play hell with the publicans—in fact, he is responsible for between eighty or ninety per cent. of the charges against neighbouring licensed victuallers. His latest case is one which arouses suspicion, to say the least, as to the *bona-fides* of this egregious copper. The story he told the Magistrates was that on Bank Holiday he saw a man, named Passmore, in the "Royal Oak" Inn, very drunk. He made a sign to the landlord, who advised Passmore to go home. The landlord denies having received any such sign or advised the man to leave. We are not concerned with the fact that a large number of witnesses were present in Court to testify that Passmore was sober. It might be contended by the "water cranks" that these witnesses were his friends. There was one witness, however, who gave damning evidence against the "anti-pub" sergeant, and we admire him for his pluck and honesty. This was Police Constable Grant, who flatly contradicted his superior officer. He was in the "Royal Oak" when the sergeant called, and he declared before the Magistrates that Passmore was quite sober and orderly. Let it not be inferred that Police Constable Grant had any bad feeling against his sergeant, nor that he was under notice to leave the Force. It was made patent that such conditions did not obtain. It was only natural that the Magistrates should dismiss the case. What we want to know is, what is going to happen now? What of the previous convictions obtained on the sergeant's evidence?

FREE ON RAIL.

DONCASTER DIGNITARIES' LITTLE "PERKS."

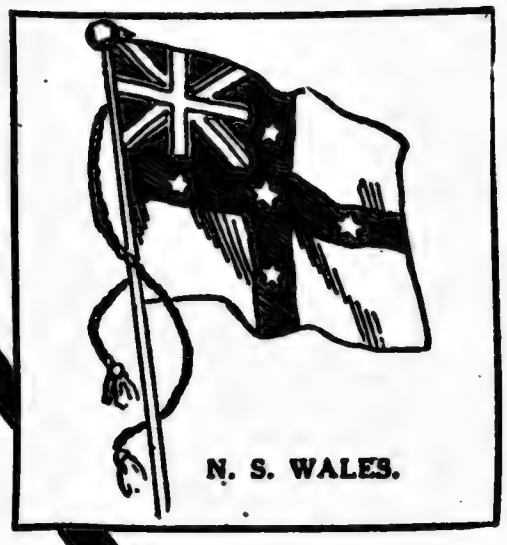
At last the historic question whether or not the Aldermen and Councillors of Doncaster should have free rides in the local tramcars has been settled in the affirmative. At the same meeting at which this decision was arrived at, the Council put up the rates a shilling and the gas fourpence, so that it must be evident even to the wildest pumpuritan that the members put in a day's work; even if the Legislature had stopped their drink they could not have done more. Every labourer is worthy of his hire; the duties of Doncaster Aldermen and Councillors are exhausting to the mind and tiring to the feet; their services are rendered without money and without price; and for their own dignity, and honour, and health they felt that the epidemic of corns among them should be cut short by an immediate distribution of free ha'penny and penny tram rides. The resolution proposes that the Electrical Engineer shall provide members of Council with "special coupons." As far as the Engineer is concerned, it is understood that he is preparing something handsome for the watchchain, jewelled in at least four holes. It is also understood that Aldermen and Councillors are not to have a free penn'orth or ha'porth except when they are on Council business, so that when the august deadheads display their ostentatious jewel the rest of the tramcar may expect to hear the conductor question, "Excuse me, sir, but are you on the business of the Council, or just coming out after breakfast, or merely going home to see the missus?" "Conscience," it is said, "doth make cowards of us all, and thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and it may be that the conductor will in this way maintain that illusive organ in a higher state of moral sensitiveness than the distribution of free-ride medals to the great municipal lights of the town might lead the paying population to expect. We trust it may be so. For a Doncaster Alderman or Councillor to be discovered in an attempt to obtain even a ha'penny ride by false pretences would be a shock from which the town would take long years to recover.

Another special "Bullets" offer—5 war prizes of £20 each this week.



Bassano.]

SILK FLAGS FREE



TO THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

Only the best is good enough for that soldier boy of yours: that's why you should buy him B.D.V. Extra Mild cigarettes.

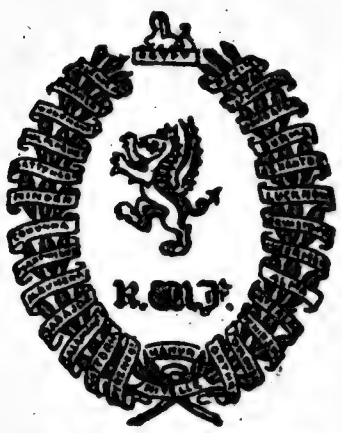
B.D.V. Extra Mild cigarettes are what they are because the material of which they are made and all the circumstances of their manufacture are as nearly perfect as it is possible to have them.

But apart from the supreme satisfaction they are bound to afford "him," these cigarettes have a distinct interest for you too, certainly a greater interest than any other brand can have for a non-smoking woman.

The packets contain beautiful silk flags and pictures which can be worked up into a great variety of examples of art-needlework. Cushion covers, table centres, d'oyleys of interesting and artistic design, a hundred and one useful and ornamental articles, can be made with these pretty inserts.

Then there are competitions in which valuable money prizes are given to those sending in the most original and tasteful piece of needlework made with these inserts. Full particulars post free from Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., London.

So you see, no other cigarettes can possibly give as much satisfaction either to your hero or yourself as



THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS, 23rd Foot.

B.D.V.

EXTRA MILD CIGARETTES

10 for 3d.

Duchess of Devonshire. [*Gainsborough.*

MR. JACK TAR AND THE P.M.G.

"ENCOURAGEMENT" FROM ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

There is a mulish attribute about the Postmaster-General which it is difficult for anybody except another mule to admire. On several occasions we have referred to his extraordinary attitude towards our Jack Tars at sea in the matter of parcel postage. Let us put the relative positions. We can do without any particular Postmaster-General, particularly without this particular one; we cannot do without Mr. Tar. If only for this reason, therefore, it is proper for the Postmaster-General to keep to his proper place in the scheme of things and conduct himself with decency towards Mr. Tar, but for whose watch and ward on the sea and practice with the gun the Postmaster-General would be out of a job and wondering where he could get one. It is quite time somebody made him plainly understand that he is giving himself too many airs, and we are going to do it. It does not follow that because he gets £2,500 a year he is worth it. Our own opinion is that he is not.

PULLING "JACK'S" PIGTAIL.

Mr. Tar being engaged in the arduous task of keeping an eye on the German Fleet to prevent its coming up Channel, and incidentally blowing the Post Office and the Postmaster-General to blazes, and not having any excess of cash or comfort in the execution of his duty, it is natural that his relatives should wish to send him—well, say a parcel containing a cake with currants in it. For the sake of the illustration, let us suppose that this parcel is posted in a Leigh office at 9.30 a.m. on March 29th. Even an intelligent Hottentot would suppose that, as Mr. Tar was preserving and maintaining in luxury the life of the Postmaster-General, that official would allow a cake with currants in it to go through to him aboard ship, free, gratis, and for nothing, "instead of which" the Postmaster-General demands prepaid postage fourpence, and sees that he gets it. On the day the letter is posted there is no doubt that Mr. Tar's ship is in home waters; at any rate, the cake with currants in it is an immediate reply to a letter posted in Portsmouth the previous day. Eight days afterwards it is evident Mr. Tar is without his cake, but whether the Postmaster-General has been holding a *post-mortem* on the currants or looking for unlawful war news among the wrapping is not clear. At any rate, on April 6th the gentleman who had despatched the cake from Leigh receives a letter headed "General Post Office, Mount Pleasant, E.C.,"—really, it ought to be Mount Unpleasant, but that is neither here nor there. "I am directed to inform you," says Assistant-Controller Greer, "that a parcel addressed (on March 29th) to Mr. ——, H.M.S. *Pincher*, of which you appear to be the sender, is prepaid 4d., but as the ship is in foreign waters a further sum of 8d. is required, and you will perhaps be good enough to affix stamps to that amount to this form, which should be returned in the enclosed cover."

A SORRY RETURN FOR FAVOURS RECEIVED.

Thus Mr. Tar has, first of all, to volunteer to be killed for the benefit of his country at from £23 to £43 a year; then his mother, or his sister, or his missus, or his best girl has to pay fourpence to post him a sixpenny cake with currants in while it is fresh; then the Postmaster-General holds an official enquiry into it for eight days; then when it has become as pungent as vinegar and as hard as dog-biscuit, he demands another eightpence to send it along to foreign waters. Finally, when it lands in foreign waters, Mr. Tar, having no teeth strong enough to masticate it, picks out the currants, glues them on the mast and uses them as targets for pea-shooting in his spare moments, and hands over the balance of the table delicacy to the stoker, who chops it up for firewood—so that in the end the State gets the whole durned confection for nothing whatever. This is the more or less probable life and death of cake destined for Mr. Tar. Though the Postmaster-General may be proud of his part in this mean and deplorable tragedy, it does not encourage Mr. Tar in sinking German Dreadnoughts. The official letter we have quoted is numbered 9999, so that he must have rooked in a considerable number of shillings for the delivery of stale, stinking luxuries to the men of H.M. ships since the war.

WHO SHALL HANG?

THE WEYMOUTH MILITARY HOSPITAL SCANDAL.

Our recent references to the death at Weymouth of Private James Gribbin, of the 3rd Battalion Royal Scots, in circumstances pointing to gross negligence on the part of the Sidney Hall Military Hospital authorities, have evoked widespread indignation. It will be remembered that Gribbin, who had sustained shocking injuries in a motor-car accident, was turned away from the hospital after a most cursory examination, it being hastily assumed that he was suffering merely from the effects of drink. For this suggestion, involving a most unfair slur upon the character of the deceased, there seems to have been no shadow of foundation. The fact that Gribbin's injuries were so serious that in any event they would most likely have proved fatal hardly mitigates the tragedy of the occurrence. Because the injured man had been discharged from the Sidney Hall Hospital, he was presumed to have received skilled medical attention, and upon his return to the Royal Scots' camp, in a dying condition, was consigned to the guard-room upon a charge of drunkenness preferred by orderlies from the hospital, acting, we suppose, upon the instructions of the nurse-in-charge. There lies the crux of the matter. The gravamen of the allegation against the hospital authorities finds vigorous expression in a recent issue of the *British Journal of Nursing*. Our contemporary observes:—

> We ask the public to judge whether the system of nursing, as exemplified in the case under consideration, is an efficient system, calculated to provide the skilled care to which every sick and wounded soldier has a right. We may point out that at the Sidney Hall Hospital there was no resident Medical Officer, no resident Matron, no competent trained nurse in charge on night duty, and we ask all mothers and fathers who read the account of this case how they would feel if this poor man had been one of their own sons. True, his life might not have been saved, either by skilled medical or nursing attention, but there is no reason why he should have been refused the shelter of the hospital to which he had been taken and sent with a fractured pelvis, described by Dr. T. Davys Manning as "broken to pieces," to die a lonely death in a guard-tent, instead of receiving skilled care, and consequent relief of his terrible sufferings, at the hands of trained nurses.

We commend this weighty professional remonstrance to the notice of the War Office authorities, who are not wholly without responsibility for the fate of Private Gribbin. At the outset of the war they were petitioned by the National Council of Trained Nurses "to prevent inefficient nursing, and the subjection of the sick and wounded to the dangerous interference of untrained and unskilled women." How many times, we wonder, might the Weymouth tragedy be paralleled?

TRADE TRICKERY.

AN INCIDENT IN THE GREAT MILK RAMP.

An Eltham reader, having read our recent exposures of the Great Milk Ramp, "smelt a rat," and declined to pay a higher price than he had done hitherto, "unless he could be convinced that there was a good reason for the increase." Upon receipt of this ultimatum, the dairyman, fearing the loss of a good customer, straightway proceeded to climb down, explaining that the proposed advance was not intended to apply to regular patrons, who would remain subject to the cheaper rates. On the face of things, the arrangement seemed a fair one, but "being suspicious of a man who could quote two prices" our correspondent made a point of checking the measure of his morning supply, when he found a daily shortage of nearly a gill in each nominal quart. Resolved to put a stop to this impudent fraud, he at once communicated with the local Inspector of Weights and Measures, only to be politely informed that he had come to the wrong shop. The Weights and Measures Department "were helpless in the matter, providing the dairyman's measures were correct," and "the only remedy open to the customer was in the County Court." In other words, as long as the milkman's measures are of a given capacity, he is under no obligation to fill them, but may rob his customers with complete impunity!

£100 for a racing forecast—see great new free competition on page 32

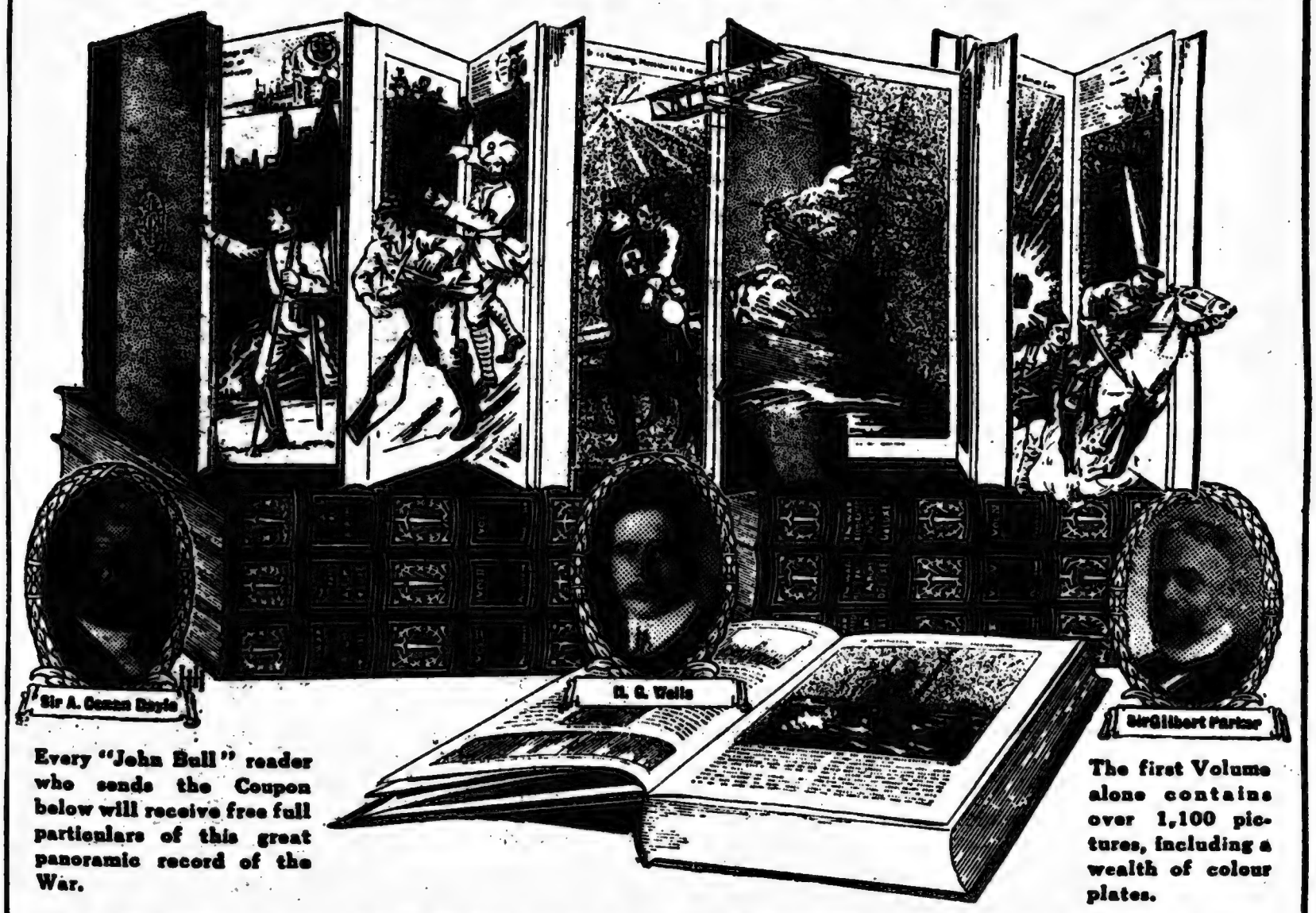
FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS.

The Superb Picture Record of the War.

"The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe."

Over 1,100 pictures in the first volume—including a profusion of beautiful colour plates – exclusive photographs from the fighting lines—maps and diagrams—a concise and thrilling history of the progress of hostilities —and glowing stories of the great episodes of the War.

"The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe."



Every "John Bull" reader who sends the Coupon below will receive free full particulars of this great panoramic record of the War.

The first Volume alone contains over 1,100 pictures, including a wealth of colour plates.

THE first volume of the "War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe" is now ready for delivery. The work will rank as the most thrillingly interesting of all the War Publications.

Great Living Thinkers, Writers and Artists have combined to produce a wonderful Art-Gallery-and-Literature-Library of the greatest armed struggle in the world's long history.

LOOK at the great names included in its list of authors. Mr. H. G. Wells, England's most brilliant man of letters, describes "Why Britain went to War"; Sir Gilbert Parker, the spokesman of Greater Britain, tells of "The Rally of the Empire"; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the incomparable creator of Sherlock Holmes, explains "How the Boer War prepared us for the Great War"; Mr. A. G. Hales, the brilliant Australian war correspondent, contributes many glowing pen pictures from the battlefields; and other writers of national prominence tell in glowing story the heroisms of the great episodes of the war, that make us proud of our race and of the gallant allies with whom we claim the kinship of arms. Then the work contains a concise but vivid history of the war, quite free from the technicalities so loved by experts, but making the purpose of the great military movements plain to the non-technical reader.

PICTORIALLY the work is supreme—without peer. Our eleven hundred beautiful pictures in one volume alone—including a great wealth of colour plates, exclusive photographs from the fighting lines and excellent maps. The arrangement of the sections visualises the progress of arms and the conditions of the fighting in the several zones of conflict, and the whole constitutes a veritable grand panorama of the great war.

FINE paper—beautiful printing—and most artistic binding make the work externally as artistic as it is impressive and excellent internally.

FULL particulars will be sent free and post free to every reader of JOHN BULL filling up the coupon below, and every enquirer will receive free a beautiful full-colour art portrait-plate of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

"JOHN BULL" COUPON.

Fill in and post at once for FREE BOOKLET and a colour portrait of ADMIRAL JELLICOE.

To The Educational Book Co., Ltd.,
17, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me FREE and post free your booklet describing "The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe," and showing the easy Subscription Terms for the Volumes. Also please send free one of the colour portrait-plates of Admiral Jellicoe.

Name.....

Address .....

.....

J.B.2. .....

Mr. BOTTOMLEY'S MISSION TO THE CLYDE.

A MEMORABLE SCENE—PLAIN SPEAKING AND A STERN REMEDY.

The invitation of Mr. Bottomley to the shipyard workers on the Clyde to meet and have a plain, blunt talk about the output of war munitions attracted a remarkable gathering to the great St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, on Saturday afternoon, April 10th, upwards of 5,000 being present.

The "Platform" was representative of shipbuilding and allied trades on the Clyde and of the civic life of Glasgow; and after his week's recruiting campaign Mr. Bottomley was accorded an ovation. He said:—

"As I am neither a time-serving Party politician nor a professional Labour leader, I can take a detached and entirely independent view of the situation. All these regulations and rules, however useful to both employers and employees in normal times, are, according to my view to-day, in the national melting-pot, to be purified and re-modelled as a result of the agony and the sacrifice of the crisis through which we are passing, and to be adapted to the new conditions in which we shall find ourselves when the great war is over." With such a robust and characteristic opening, the speaker was soon in command of his hearers, and, having captured their ears, he at once came to grips. "I have been looking impartially and dispassionately into the conditions of affairs, so far as the Clyde is concerned. I have not only listened to what your officials have told me, but also to what representative employers have told me; and with my knack of endeavouring to get to the heart of things I have gone further. I have carefully consulted the Time Sheets of several of the most representative Shipyards and Works, the Wages Bills, the Output, and a variety of other data, for the purpose of forming a correct judgment; and the conclusion I have come to is that there is something radically wrong.

Output and Time.

"Now the first thing I find—and I want any of you to correct me if I am wrong—is that at the present time there is not more than two-thirds of the total capacity of the works on the Clyde being turned out. I lay no blame on anyone at the moment. I simply state the bald fact. We could produce from these yards, working full time, one-third more in the way of material, ships, and munitions than we are doing to-day.

"Another thing I have discovered. Taking an ordinary working week of the various branches of your trade, according to your Union regulations in normal times 53 or 54 hours a week, I find on investigating the Time Sheets of the various firms that, even allowing for the overtime which many of you are working, the total average number of hours worked on the Clyde is nearer 50 than 53 or 54 hours. Now, lads, what can be the explanation?

Drink.

"I am not one of those who hurry to find a solution of every problem by the easy expedient of putting it on Drink and drunkenness. Whilst I do not underrate the evil as it exists, I am not at all prepared to say that drink, speaking generally, is responsible for the most serious part of this position." The burst of applause which greeted these words showed conclusively that the Clyde men, at any rate, resent the charge which has been made against their sobriety. Mr. Bottomley proceeded: "I have looked into the statistics, and it is of course true that in the immediate vicinity of the shipyards and works there has been during these strenuous times a certain increase in the consumption of whisky—not always of too mature a quality—and I would throw out this suggestion to the Chancellor of the Exchequer before he talks about total prohibition, that he would be doing a public service by prohibiting the sale of raw spirits and bad beer, which play the devil with those who drink them. But although I recognise there has been a certain increase in that way, I am not prepared to say it is at all the predisposing cause of any trouble which may exist.

"At the present time a very large number of your fellow workmen, amongst the best of them, have enlisted and gone to the Front. Out of the Clyde shipyards alone, nearly 4,000 men have enlisted. Their places have had to be filled. You chaps know infinitely better than I do that there are certain grades in every Trade Union—first and second-class men. There are men who get into arrears with their cards; who are slackers in their own Union; men who are nearly always 'out of benefit.' You know that during these stirring times of war many of your Union regulations have been considerably relaxed. There are a large number of casual non-unionists who are earning good money which in ordinary times would not be available to them. I put this to the employers very strongly, as I am putting it to the Government. When you take these two classes into consideration, you must realise that these are the men who naturally first relapse into habits of indolence and unpunctuality, and that they are the men who patronise the public-houses. I do protest, however, with all the vehemence of which I am capable, both to the employers and to the Government, that just because you have black sheep—blacklegs, blackguards—you should libel and denounce the whole industrial population of the land as shirkers and drunkards, and make them contemptible in the eyes not only of our enemies, but of our Allies in the field. France still has her brandy and her beer, and yet France's average in the workshops is 60 hours a week. But the French Government were quicker in mobilising the industrial forces of the nation than we were. We at home cannot contemplate the possibility of any foreign foe ever putting his foot on our shores. We do not understand what is happening. It hasn't come home to us yet. Take the riveters as an illustration. I have ascertained that they are in the habit of taking a day off, but their answer is that they 'work like regular devils' for the rest of the week. I am going to suggest that, instead of working like devils five days a week, it would be more profitable to work like angels for six. I find, moreover, that though these men are earning splendid money, and 'working like devils,' and producing capital results, the average time lost by them as a class is not less than 30 per cent. of the total which they might work, according to the time sheets of the shops.

Prohibition Fallacies.

"I want to put this consideration before you. As far as the allegation of drinking is concerned, there are one or two aspects of the matter which do not appear to me to have been considered. There is an idea abroad, very much favoured by the employers, that total prohibition would remedy all the evil, and speed up the working hours to the fullest possible capacity.

"First of all, why do the men who at present spend a large proportion of their wages in drink neglect their work? Obviously, because they like the drink, and are not particularly fond of work. I am now speaking of the extreme section, against whom the charge of persistent shirking might be made. Do you seriously tell me that if every public-house in the land were closed, and that if that section—small as it is, but capable, I admit, of the greatest mischief in the biggest yards—if that section found every public-house closed, it would evince the same desire to go to work? No. You will have them slacking more than ever. I put it to you that these men are by nature slackers, and shirkers, and soakers; I put it to you that where you have a man who is so debased as to neglect his work in a time like this for drink and you take away the facilities for drink, that man will cease to seek employment to any large extent.

"But what about the respectable, industrious workman who takes his glass of beer or his glass of whisky, and derives benefit from his reasonable refreshment? Do you believe that if you deprive that man, who never gets drunk and wastes his wages in drink—do you think you are going to speed up his efficiency by making him

If you have a garden follow the gardening advice in "Everywoman's Weekly."

live under unaccustomed and abnormal conditions? No. My view is the contrary. You will not solve this problem by any panic legislation, by which you are going to label the whole industrial population as drunkards and shirkers. It is repugnant to me as a Britisher to have to contemplate any such thing happening.

"I want to keep the end of the Britisher up in the eyes of the world. I do not want the Germans to say, 'Look at the British; they have to close every public-house in the country because otherwise it cannot produce its munitions of war.' Such a thing might almost justify the Kaiser in thinking we were a decadent race, and deserved to be wiped out.

The Real Remedy.

"I will tell you what would happen under a Business Government. If for any reason, on the Clyde, or the Tyne, or anywhere else, we are not producing up to the full capacity of our resources, there is a very simple remedy. Under the law of the land, when an invasion is threatened – although I am not a licensed lawyer I know as much about law as it is good for anybody to know—when invasion is threatened, every man, irrespective of age, occupation, profession, or trade, is liable to be recruited into his Majesty's Army. And I am going to make a suggestion which will not offend any honest workin; man in this hall, but which will frighten the shirker out of his skin. My suggestion is this: I believe the causes which tend to limit the output are special. I believe that drink plays a relatively small part, and only in the case of the less responsible section of the industrial community, in this matter of munitions. But I believe that the less responsible section of the industrial community could be made to work up to something like the standard of the ordinary, respectable, hard-working artisan. And what you ought to do is to have a Recruiting Officer placed in every Yard, furnished with a list of the names and addresses of all the men on the Pay Sheet. When a man does not turn up at his work the Officer goes to him and says, 'Why weren't you at work to-day?' If the excuse is a reasonable one the man is excused, but warned to be at his work next morning. If he does not turn up then, and has no further excuse, the Recruiting Officer will go to him, tap him on the shoulder, and say: 'In the name of the King, you are now a member of his Majesty's Forces.' (Loud applause.)

"The Officer would then say: 'Put on these khaki breeches and go back to your bench and to your job, *at soldier's pay*, and if you are not here to-morrow morning and the next day, and do not work full time, you are a deserter, and will be arrested, and tried by Court Martial, and either sent to gaol or shot.' That is the Business way of dealing with the problem. Then you will see the drunkard and the shirker doing his part. It is the only way to make them do it.

A Word with the Employers.

"Now a word with the employers. I have already said that under a Business Government no employer would be permitted to exploit a crisis in his country to line his own pockets. The profits on all Government contracts should be strictly limited; and the steady working man—who made full time— should have carried forward to his credit a certain percentage of these profits, and when the bill comes in to the Government and is paid there should be a distribution of that percentage of profits among the honest, hard-working men. There is another point. If a man who happens to be a little tired and comes to his work a few minutes late, he should not have the gates slammed in his face. There should be a little more latitude—in fact, as much consideration as possible consistent with the efficiency of the works. I feel sure that if the responsible members of the working class will take up any proposals of the kind I have made, and do their best, there is no reasonable sacrifice which any decent employer of labour would not make, and none which bad employers ought not to be compelled by law to make, to stimulate the patriotism and energy of the men working in his yards.

An Earnest Appeal.

"I feel a certain responsibility in talking to a great body of workers in the way I am doing. I feel it, because I go about all parts of the country, and it stirs me to the core when I hear politicians say that working men are not rising to the occasion. I know too well that the real tragedy of this war is falling upon the shoulders of the working classes. I do not say that what but a short time ago we termed the Classes are not doing their share. I do not say that blood is not telling just as much as the patriotism of the working man. Lord and labourer, peer and peasant, are standing side by side in the trenches. And in the same spirit I want the Government to join forces with the best elements of the working classes and endeavour to bring the irresponsible section up to the standard of duty and decency. Look at the glorious responsibility which rests on the Clyde. You have a wonderful record in what you have already produced. I find that there stand to your credit, among other vessels, the *Highflier*, the *Undaunted*, the 'saucy' *Arethusa*, the *Glasgow*, and the *Tiger*—all of which have rendered splendid service. And I find, also, that there is the responsibility upon you to avenge the tragedy of the *Cressy*, the *Aboukir*, and the *Good Hope*. I won't believe that till that tragedy has been fully avenged, any honest working man will slacken his efforts.

"I have had an opportunity of seeing the enormous ant-hills of industry down the Clyde, each worker doing his important bit towards bringing the production of the weapons of war which are to win victory in this great struggle, and I said to myself, 'It's a damnable shame for any public man to get on to a platform and say these men are shirkers and drunkards.'

"I want to see at least 54 hours a week worked on the Clyde; that is the minimum which should stand to your credit. I want to see every man capable of bearing a gun going out to the Front, and every man capable of making one doing so to the last hour, compatible with health, and thus helping and inspiring our men in the trenches.

"This war is bringing about a wonderful change, a wonderful stocktaking of the whole world. We are at length beginning to realise what a thin line divides civilisation from barbarism and chaos. We are beginning to realise that Members of Parliament and other public men are not worth a twopenny damn in comparison with yourselves. The only men who matter are the chaps who fight and the chaps who make the munitions.

"If the soldier and the sailor have convinced us that in the past they have been contemptibly neglected; if they have asserted their moral right to be treated as the most precious assets of the State—with their dependents entitled to be put beyond the bounds of financial anxiety and want—there is an equally glorious opportunity for the industrial soldiers of the King.

"If you will only rise to this occasion you will find that we are not an ungrateful race. Let us see you working men backing up the soldiers and sailors—many of them your own kith and kin—and show that you are as much soldiers of the King as the men in the trenches or on the sea. I do not want you to be treated like children by the State, or tied to the apron-strings of the parsons and the priests. Why, half the work of bringing a better understanding between masters and men—between Capital and Labour—has been already done by the war itself. You will find new Rules of Trades Unions and of Employers' Federations—on a more human basis; you will find brotherhood and humanity covering the whole relations in the financial, commercial, and industrial world. I appeal to you with all the earnestness of which I am capable to help to bring about this better state of things. Send the material and the munitions for which Lord Kitchener and his Generals are waiting. And then in the great forward movement about to commence we will drive the Germans out of their trenches; we will drive them out of France, out of Flanders, out of glorious and gallant little Belgium—whose soil they will never again defile—and we will hurl them across the Rhine, behind their own fortresses, and then with the grand guns and munitions, the result of your sweat and hands, we will give them such a proof of the revival of the old martial spirit of our race that, ere very long, those fortifications, all powerful as they are supposed to be, will crumble to the ground like the ancient walls of Jericho at the trumpet blast of British might."

The "John Bull" Pen coupon is on page 2 of cover.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Dear Chancellor,—It is rather odd that you should be chosen as alcoholic adviser to the Government, but since you appear to have accepted the job, I crave a word with you. I venture to remind you that in the stupendous crisis through which we are now passing our greatest asset consists in the loyal and spontaneous patriotism of a free people, and I beg you to countenance no project for the curtailment of public liberties except upon grounds of proved necessity. In regard to the drink question, I am by no means convinced that any such necessity has arisen, and I respectfully urge you to use the utmost caution in the matter of further legislative restriction. The nation as a whole is firmly opposed to any needless interference with the normal rights of the individual, or with the legitimate interests of the licensed trade. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Sir,—I am glad to know that it is the intention of the Imperial Government to confer with the Governments of the Overseas Dominions before concluding terms of peace with the common foe. Your recent announcement to this effect has removed a good deal of misgiving, and will be hailed with satisfaction in every British community. The disposal of Germany's captured possessions is a matter closely affecting Colonial interests; whilst upon general grounds it is obviously fair that all who have borne their share in the struggle should have a voice in the settlement. The Government are to be congratulated upon their recognition of this principle, and I warmly commend your timely announcement. John Bull.

To Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Windlesham, Crowborough.

Dear Sir Arthur,—As you are an expert in physiology, I am delighted to have your opinion that the average German has no more understanding of chivalry than a cow has of mathematics. The impression I had formed of him myself was that he has no more idea of humanity than a pig has of religion; but that is a mere difference in psychological conception about which we need not quarrel. Some of my correspondents think the best way of avoiding the "reprisals" of the Germans—in the form of ill-treatment of brave, honourable, and humane British officers for our segregation of German submarine murderers—would be to let the captured crews of German submarines also drown. And I rather lean to that view. John Bull.

To T. E. Wing, Esq., M.P., House of Commons, S.W.

Dear Pumpuritan,—I notice that your attempt to rob our soldiers of their beer has met with the failure it deserved. Nothing daunted, you are now turning your attention to the House of Commons, and there is no knowing where next you may seek bubble notoriety. I suppose this kind of thing affords you occasional relief from the burden of local preaching; and if you can really find nothing better to do for your country—at £400 a year—you are perhaps more to be pitied than blamed.

John Bull.

To Captain John Ward, M.P., 8th Service Pioneer Battalion.

Dear John,—I am heartily glad to know that you have found a niche in the new Army, and I hope that the "Navvies' Corps," largely an outcome of your own initiative, may soon find opportunities of active service. It seems that your appeal has been most successful, over a thousand men having already been enlisted, and recruits are still rolling in at the rate of thirty a day. This is rattling good business, and I trust you may go from strength to strength. In the siege operations now in progress the pick may often be mightier than sword or rifle, wherefore more power to your lusty arms!

John Bull.

To the Editor of the "Monthly Record of the Free Church of Scotland," Edinburgh.

Dear Sir,—I note that in publishing a "Plea for Modesty in Female Attire" you "heartily endorse" it. According to the writer, the present fashions among women constitute a danger more insidious and fatal than "the drunkenness for which we as a nation are infamous." This seems to be all on account of the blouses, which are no more respectable, "arouse the animal passions of men," and bring them "to the gates of the pit itself." It seems that for the last eight months your correspondent has "lost all communion with his Maker" through them; also he knows a Free-Kirking friend who sometimes finds himself "wishing that God had taken his sight away"; my own only wonder is that the feminine blouses of Edinburgh have not shocked him so much as to compel him to take his bath in the dark. You, apparently, are also conscious of a moral paralysis creeping over the elect through the exhibition of the perilous peep-bo, and I do hear that since your declaration in this regard a number of Wee Free deacons, fathers of families, have forbidden their wives to wash their babies, and their daughters to take a bath. I regret you should be pained by these abominations in the midst. If it is impossible to induce the women of Edinburgh to shut out the fresh air by sewing bits of extra into the top, or the righteous to turn their heads aside or wear smoked spectacles, then it appears to me nothing remains to be done except to convene a special Conference of Wee Frees to demand the extension of the Restrictions Act and the Defence of the Realm Act to draughty blouses and openwork stockings. I must, however, tell you, *entre nous*, that if this is done the Women's International Trousers Association will rise in their might and demand the instant suppression of the deplorable kilt. John Bull.

To D. L. Thomas, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Pontypridd, Wales.

Dear Mr. Thomas,—It may be you are right in your recent decision that the holder of a liquor licence is debarred by the Temporary Restrictions Act from either entertaining after hours visitors on his premises at his expense or consuming his own liquor in the bosom of his family, but I think this is stretching the intent of the Act, however loose may be its wording. In the case before you the licensee entertained a friend after hours to the extent of a glass of beer, and you convicted him. "The Act," you said, "amounted to an absolute prohibition." Supposing your decision to be correct, this is another instance of the harshness with which the modern victualler, almost the only class of Briton who has to produce a character satisfactory to the police and magistracy before he is allowed to trade, is treated; even in his own house he is deprived of the right of the ordinary citizen. That veto is, to my mind, not less intolerable than invidious, and ought to arouse resentment in every just and reasonable man. It remains to be seen whether the licensee concerned will appeal against his conviction. For the moment he is naturally upset, and if he does appeal, I hope—and think—you will be. John Bull.

To Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, Women's Social and Political Union.

Madam,—I have been much impressed by your recent pronouncements upon topics related to the war, and I especially commend your refusal to participate in any premature effort for the promotion of peace. You hold that "to arrange terms of peace now would merely be to give the Germans an opportunity of preparing another war," and you very properly decline to lend the weight of your influence to any such mischievous proposal. Instead, you are to conduct a series of meetings for the furtherance of the national cause, and I trust that all success may attend your timely efforts. Meanwhile, your exemplary patriotism will not soon be forgotten. We are all getting to know each other better in these hours of stress and strain—aren't we? And we men are not such a bad lot after all, are we?

John Bull.

The Zeppelins are coming again! Fill in our Free Insurance coupon now.

A "RADICAL" REFORM.

JOHN BULL: "It's no use, Asquith; we shall always be getting tied up like this unless you get rid of all this wretched Red-tape."
ASQUITH: "Well, we intend to do, John. We're going in for Blue Ribbon instead."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once afford temporary relief—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

The following is a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week:—

R.A.M.C. private, with over three years' service, returned to the south of Ireland from France after six months in the trenches, discharged medically unfit, with a strained heart. He is now homeless and practically penniless. Can any of our readers find him a light job? Pending obtaining one, we are helping.

Ex-sergeant of the Rifle Brigade, married, with three children, re-joined the Colours at the beginning of the war, and was made drill instructor. He, too, has been discharged medically unfit, having contracted a nasal and throat affection. He is now convalescent, but still attending hospital. After his discharge, of course, his pay and wife's separation allowance stopped, so they have had to keep the house going by pawning clothes and furniture. While in the Army, he contributed towards the National Insurance scheme, but the Approved Society tell him that he is not entitled to benefit, because his illness was contracted in the Service!

A poor girl, left "in trouble" by a private soldier killed at the Front, had arranged to be married, but her lover was sent away at a moment's notice before the ceremony could be performed. At the time of her lapse she was living with her brother, but when he discovered her condition he turned her out into the street.

A mother, with three soldier sons, has been left in dire distress. One lad died of wounds at Rouen, another was wounded in the same action, and the third is still at the Front. The poor woman is 62 years of age, and unable to do any work whatever; the separation allowance, coupled with the allotment of pay, is totally inadequate for her support, so we have come to her aid.

The wife of a soldier, whose native place is a town in Wales, at the time of enlistment was in London, living apart from her husband, her three children being looked after by her mother-in-law. The war has, happily, brought about a reconciliation, and as the couple had no money to pay the fare to re-unite the mother with her children, we gladly supplied the amount required.

"I am a soldier's wife, and my husband is a prisoner of war. I have four young children, and my husband is always sending postcards for food. I send him what bread and biscuits I can, but my separation allowance is not enough. I am worried because I cannot send him more food. Can you help me?" The poor woman did not ask in vain, and doubtless by this time the unfortunate fellow is in receipt of a substantial hamper.

Wife of a soldier has five children, all of school age. Three of them have been ill with bronchial pneumonia, and, of course, require extra nourishment. The separation allowance does not provide for this contingency, and the recognised philanthropic societies would not help—so we came to the rescue.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

B. F. (Cape Colony), £5; T. R. P., 15s.; W. W. G., 8s. 1d.; G. F., 2s.; F. T., 1s.; M. M., 2s.; R. W. W., 1s. 4d.; M. A. W., 2s.; P. S., £1; H. T., 1s.; S. G. C., 2s.; G. H. S., 6d.; B. W., 10s.; "Reader of JOHN BULL," 5s.; "Shelish" (Tuechar), 1s.; J. G. J., 2s. 6d.; J. O'B., 1s.; J. P., 1s.; J. H., £1; "A. C. E. 7," 6d.; E. H., 1s.; W. H. S., 2s. 6d.; K. P., 6d.; V. V. R., 2s.; J. F., 1s.; H. R., 6d.; W. E. P., 1s.; The Employees and Mess, Co-Operative Society, Ltd. (Aldershot), £1; J. S., 10s.; "Alexia," 1s.; The Sailors and Firemen, s.s. *John Shaw* (per A. E. S.), 12s. 6d.; "Sister Florence," 6s.; Anon. (Port Tewfick, Egypt), £1; "Jay," 5s.; "Telegraphs" (Ross-shire), 2s.; J. S., 2s. 6d.; H. R. N., 1s.; "Taxi" (Edinburgh), 1s.; J. R. T., 1s.; W. S., parcel; J. M., 1s.; A. E. L., 1s.; G. L. C. C. (Red Lion Yard), 10s.; A. V., 5s.; P. M. H. (Stranraer), 2s. 6d.; E. H. C., 5s.; W. G., 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; M. L. P. (Batang Malaka), £1; J. A. S. (Pittsburg), 1 dollar; The Ward Room Officers and Engine Room Artificers' Mess, H.M.S. *Cockatrice*, £1 12s. 6d.; Mrs. M., 2s.; A. E. A., 5s.; The Petty Officers of H.M.S. *Seahorse* (3rd contribution), 24s.; J. S. (Natal), 1s.; "Admirer of 'Ivy Mary,'" 6d.; W. R. E., 10s. 6d.; "Wellington Street," 18s.; "An Englishman in Canada," £1; G. E. W. (Leeds), 5s.; H. J. M., 3s.; N. D., 1s.; W. C., 1s.; A. B. C., 2s.; E. K., 6d.; "Schoolgirl," 1s.; F. E. B., 2s. 6d.; "In memory Pauline," 1s.; H. S. & Co.'s "Swearing Box," 6s.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Desperate*, 2s. 3d.; R. J. E., 2s. 6d.; A. C. & J. T., 1s.; W. G. S., 1s.; "Oxo," 2s. 6d.; "A 5s. 'Bullets' Winner," 1s.; B. W., 10s.; G. N. S. (Canada), 1 dollar; E. C., 5s.; W. C. H., 5s.; A. J., 2s. 6d.; W. E. P., 6d.; H. S. B. (Gorleston), 10s.; G. B. 6d.; L. H. D., 4s. 10d.; "s.s. *Yangtsze*," 2s. 6d.; J. D., 5s.; "Policeman and his Mate," 6s.; "Calcutta," 2s.; W. H., 2s.; R. M. S., £1; M. F., 6d.; "Clearway," £1; A. S. (Shrewsbury), 2s. 6d.; "E" (Maesteg), 1s.; W. J. C. (Senisford), 6s.; "Sailor" (H.M.S. *Soho*), 6d.; H. M. (Bengal), 6s. 6d.; C. E. W., 6d.; A. H., 6d.; "A.M.Be.," parcel.

We have received 2s. 5d. from competitors in our 131st "Bullets" Competition, representing the poundage on postal orders.

HOSTEL FUND.

"Well-wishers of the s.s. *Walton Hall* (New York)," £5 10s. 11d.
"Englishman in Canada," £1.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' COMFORTS FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS

R. C., £5; Hon. R. E. D., £5; F. H. F., £3; J. R. C., £3; Mrs. A., £3; J. M., £2 15s.; E. J. G., £2 10s.; Mrs. C. F. B. £2; R. H. T., £2; E. M. G., £1 10s.

Amounts of 20s.: Mrs. H. H., Mrs. C. G. D., H. L. E., J. S., J. P., R. W., F. J. H., J. W., B. G., F. C. P., J. H., H. F. F., G. W. W., A. T., Mrs. E. D., Lieut. F. W. P., J. C. B., J. F., Mr. and Mrs. N., Mrs. G. P., J. O., B. Lee S. (second donation), Mrs. W. G. H., F. D.

L. W. H., 25s.; J. D., 25s.; Mrs. A. G., 21s.; G. P., 21s.; A. S., 15s.; A. L., 15s.; H. V., 15s.; H. C., 15s.; F. L. Y., 15s.; J. G. S., 15s.; H. H., 12s.

Amounts of 10s.: Mrs. M. A. C., Mrs. W. D., A. W. S., W. W., C. H. H., C. A. N., E. M. M., J. J. H., W. K., R. F., Mrs. S., H. S. W., R. W., Mrs. H., Mr. and Mrs. B., G. N., Mrs. E. L. H., D., Mrs. Q. L. P., A. H. C., A. C., Mrs. R. G., Mrs. E. R., L. W., G. A. B., E. F., Mrs. E. S., and Mrs. E. W., S., D. R., L. E., Ajax, N. P. G.

J. M., 7s. 6d.; W. E., 6s. 7d.; C. W., 6s.; R. G., 6s.; E. A., 5s. 6d.; A. N. P., 5s. 2d.

Amounts of 5s.: A. S., Mrs. K., P. K., G. H. M., W. H. D., J. N. C., Mrs. D., A. C., Marjorie, C. R., J. W., W. H. S., G. F. M., Miss H., Mrs. P., W. T., W. A., Miss M. J., G. A. G., A. H. R., N. T., Mrs. W., Miss E. D., Anon., L. F. B., S. S., E. J. B., R. T., D. McI., F. D., L. C. G., A. P., "Devonian," L. P., H. A., T. H., Mrs. C. B., T. H. D., M. C., M. H., Miss A. A., J. R., F. G. P., R. G. G., W. A., J. I., D. O., J. J. J., R. D., "Matilda," T. McG., G. J. M., Miss H. M. D., Mrs. K., J. M., D. S., J. H., H. H. B., P. A., C. T., M. M., K. McL., C. S. R., A. W. W., W. P., J. P., Miss M. A., J., P. C., A. W. L., J. B., A. G. R., A. W., J. P., J. W., R. G., C. M. C., J. H., Mrs. E. W. and family, P. J. H., H., W. S., Mrs. E. E., A. C. H., Miss M., M. S., A. J., M. A. T., G. S., Mr. and Mrs. F., B. B., T. P., J. J., S. J., W., Mrs. E. J. R., T. C. F., J. W., McE., R. McR., I. L., G. B., D. S., Mrs. H., E. W., C. J. B., W. C. H.

3,000 "Bullets" prizes value £1,200 to be won this week.

If your line of health is "weakly held" strengthen your forces with Bovril

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

V.B.

No one need wear shabby clothes!

Old and shabby clothes made to look absolutely new, for the sum of 3/3, is an offer you should not fail to take advantage of. No matter whether it is a suit or an overcoat. A lady's dress or costume—it will be returned—free of carriage—just like new. Dirt and dust is removed. Original colour brought back. Nap of cloth restored. Missing buttons replaced. Frayed parts renovated. Tears mended—and finally Tailor pressed—In other words, your old garments are returned just like NEW CLOTHES.

The total charge of 3/3 covers everything. We return full money if not satisfied. Within twelve miles from Charing Cross, we collect and deliver free. If beyond carriage paid one way. A P.C. will bring our van—or 'phone North 200.

THE PRICE. 3/3

Write for new Booklet.

NATIONAL TAILORING & REPAIRING Co. HAMPSTEAD Rd LONDON, N.W.

LONDON'S LEADING VALETRY BUSINESS.

ZOX HAVE YOU TRIED IT FOR NEURALGIA ZOX

and for Headache too? Tens of thousands would not be without Zox at any price. Easy to take at any time, safe to use.

1s. and 2s. 6d. a Box, of Chemists and Stores.

FREE! Two Powders.—If you send stamped addressed envelope

ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London.

Save time and the messy bother of taking apart, cleaning and drying your razor. Simply put it in

The Brytstele Razor Bath

It not only cleans, but keeps the blade bright and sharp

COMPLETE OUTFIT for Safety Razor 1/6. Postage 4d

Special Bath to take two ordinary Razors 1/6.
10-oz. Bottle of Solution, for use with same, 1/4.
Postage together. 8d.; *or separately,* 4d. *each.*
Of the leading Ironmongers and Chemists, or direct

BRYTSTELE Co., 103, High Street, Camden Town, N.W.

Australian Agents—David Jones Ltd., Sydney.

Satisfies the Children's Needs

It is good for mothers to know about Quaker Oats, the delicious food which completely satisfies the children's needs.

Quaker Oats is richer than meat, bacon, and eggs in the elements which build up bone, muscle, tissue, brain and teeth.

Much more nourishing and economical than Bread

You are not taking full advantage of the unequalled food value and economy of Quaker Oats if you use it only for porridge. Send for free book of recipes.

6½d. PER PACKET.

QUAKER OATS LTD., Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

A FINGER IN THE PIE.

THE SOCIALIST'S OPPORTUNITY.

By "Atom."

A little ginger-haired man mounted the stool, and the crowd of Socialists nudged each other in high expectation.

"Brother Socialists," he began, "I'm going to talk to you to-day about the war, and we're going to see how it affects us and the great movement we're all working for. It's a war we Socialists didn't want. It's a war in which our brothers are being killed off like flies. And *it's a war that's got to be stopped.*"

A dull murmur of assent came from the crowd.

"What does this war mean to Socialism? Simply this; the time has come for us to strike—the time has come when we must show the world that we represent a power which can never be trodden under. Many of us have waited and longed for the dawning of this day, despaired when it seemed far off, and must now rejoice that it is here at last.

"In the past we've been weak—we haven't had the numbers or the money to make our voices heard. Each time we've claimed to put our spoke into the wheel of government, we've been pushed on one side. We've been obliged to kow-tow to the will of a few nincompoops who've stolen the power which ought by rights to have been ours.

"I tell you—every one of you—that you've just as much right to interfere in this war as the Prime Minister himself. Our freedom—our independence, require vindicating, and unless we get what we want, then God help England!

"What is the power of Socialism to-day? Do you understand the tremendous strength which circumstances have added to our organisation! We've got the power to shake England to its very foundations! We've got the power to win the war, lose the war, or even arrange a draw! England is wounded: we can kill her off, or we can dress her hurt! At no other time has the power of Socialism been so high in this country, and if we fail to take advantage of our new strength, we shall be acting falsely to our ideals."

More encouragement from the crowd.

"The principal, and the only remaining, question is, 'How are we going to use this newly acquired strength?' And that is what I've come here to tell you. England is calling for men. Unless she gets those men, England will fall. The German Army is straining at the leash to over-ride the country side, to devastate your homes, to butcher your children and to shame your wives and sisters. And England is relying on you—the workers—the down-trodden masses—to join in saving her! Are you going to do it? Why should you do it? There are English Lords, Dukes and Honourables fighting in France at this moment. I've nothing to say against them to-day—in fighting they do what they consider right. But is that all? These eye-glassed fops and empty dudes are upholding their claim to exercise the ruling power in this country, and exerting an unfair influence on the ultimate outcome of the war.

"Are we going to stick it? We've as much right to our corners in this little scrap as his Grace the Duke of Westminster, for instance; and I reckon we can hit as hard and as straight as any peer of the realm—if we want to.

"I, for one, refuse to be left out of the affair. We're out for what's ours—nothing more—so that by bayonetting a German we may have our little say just as much as the nob who downs one with the butt end of his revolver.

"We won't have Lords fighting for us. You and I are entitled to have a finger in the pie, and I tell you, men, that no darned Duke is going to put in overtime on my job. The war's ours as much as his—it's our war as much as King George's—and if there's a man here who's willing to strike a blow for Socialism and his own rights, he'll join me to-day in bringing this bloody war to a speedy conclusion."

The little ginger-haired man got down from his stool, and, followed by the crowd of cheering, enthusiastic Socialists, strode briskly off to take the shilling.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

The Actor.

Did I know the actor—call him "Smith"?
  Yes, we met at La—Some-Place!
At first I couldn't recall his name,
  Though I knew I knew his face;
At last one day he was singing a song,
  And I said, "I lay long odds
I've heard you sing that on the stage,
  While I was up in the gods."

He owned it then, and by slow degrees
  I got to understand
How his heart ached for the English dead,
  While he idled in the Strand:
While heroes died in the stricken trench
  He hadn't the nerve to play:
So he chucked his forty quid a week,
  And signed for a bob a day.

He was past the age, but he nobly lied
  And he made up like a youth,
He gummed a jasey on his head,
  To hide the bald-faced truth;
He swatted into his drill and trained
  Like one of the very best,
And when the earliest drafts came out,
  He footed it with the rest.

He was a *Matinee* idol once,
  But the girls who gushed, those days,
Should have seen him as a soldier-man,
  So smart in the soldier ways;
Bright as ever, and full of fun,
  But for duty keen as a knife,
He'd got his cue, and he knew his part
  In the drama of war and life.

He never bucked down, he never tired,
  Was never a moment glum,
If things looked rotten and stagnant black
  He started to make them hum;
I've seen him act at the Jollity,
  When his name was all the rage,
But he played a grander play out there
  Than ever he did on the stage.

He was one of ten who held a trench
  Through one night and one day,
The Germans' first line was close up,
  Only fifty yards away;
Old Smith he grinned, he was black with smoke,
  And he said, "One lives and learns,
But this show's run for twenty-four hours,
  With no wait between the turns!"

The second night came a front attack,
  And it ran all down the line,
The Bosches rushed on in a mass,
  And our boys they met them fine;
But we poor ten in our little ditch,
  We were all too sure a mark,
And at last we got the tip to leave,
  And to hop it in the dark.

When we were safe and were rounded up,
  And fit for another scrap,
The word was passed we were one man short—
  It was Smith, the actor chap;
The last known of him was when we left,
  For the tail man of all to go
Had seen him stretched on the parapet,
  Plugging away at the foe.

And there we found him, two hours on,
  When the trench we took again;
He'd been wounded, but said never a word,
  Fighting on despite the pain;
A son of Thespis, he stuck it out
  Like a real-born son of Mars,
And there he lay, with his staring eyes
  Turned up to the staring stars.

Ricardo.

Your child will be delighted with the adventures of Billy Blowaway in "Everywoman's Weekly."

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL

Reduced Facsimile of Tin.

Makes Bright Homes

Try a 1/- tin on some Article of Furniture. You will be delighted.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL covers more surface, is more durable, and cheaper in use than any other.

SEND FOR COLOUR-CARD TO

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL, Ltd., NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E.

NOW IS THE TIME TO LEARN MOTORING.

Increasing demand for Motor Drivers at the front and at home for Commercial, Public and Private Service. POPULAR COURSE within reach of all. Training unlimited without extra charge until satisfied. No charge for Licensed Employment Agency and B.S.M. Official Certificate.

Officially investigated and approved by JOHN BULL.
Call or send postcard for illustrated prospectus (J.B.).

THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.,
5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

GOT A GRAMOPHONE ?

With our "Library" system of exchange you may obtain a selection at your choice from over 10,000 of

THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT RECORDS AT LESS THAN 2d. EACH.

Sent to any part of the world. Particulars are free, and a VALUABLE BOOK will also be sent free to Gramophone owners if this paper is mentioned. Write to-day to—

LEXICON WORKS, Station Approach, WEALDSTONE.

3000 PRIZES

— AWARDED AT —

3 RECENT SHOWS

WERE WON BY DOGS REGULARLY AND EXCLUSIVELY FED ON

SPRATT'S DOG FOODS

The most successful exhibitors throughout the World realise the importance of using these Foods. DO YOU?

Samples of Foods suitable for *your* dog will be sent free if you will state breed.

SPRATT'S PATENT Ltd. 24, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

In the Firing Line

AN OFFICER who fought in the big "battle of Neuve Chapelle" writes to say that he borrowed a Waterman's Ideal from a friend and that in spite of all the knocks and shakes it received during the battle it was just as good as before.

10/6 and upwards for Regular and Self-filling Types. 12/6 and upwards for Safety and Pump-filling Types.

Give the "SAFETY" type. Cannot leak however carried. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere. Booklet free from

L. G. SLOAN, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London.

WAR

tests Man and Watch.

For the man it is a test of endurance, of courage, of stamina.

For the watch it is a test of accuracy of timekeeping—under the most trying conditions.

Waltham Watches, whether worn on the wrist or in the pocket, will stand any reasonable test—in daily wear or length of service. They are the world's best timekeepers.

A welcome gift for our soldiers. Why not send one to the Front or the training camp?

Waltham Watches

Of all reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers.

FOR GENTLEMEN.	£ s. d.	SOLID SILVER CASES	£ s. d.	FOR LADIES.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Maximus.....	8 10 0	No. 163...3 14 0		Maximus..	3 3 6	Ruby....	5 11 3
Riverside	6 14 3	No. 161...2 11 3		Riverside..	6 13 0	Sapphire	5 3 0
Lady Waltham	4 15 0	No. 100...2 0 0					

SOLD ALSO IN GOLD AND ROLLED GOLD CASES.

"Wristlet Watch" Pamphlet & Waltham Watch Booklet post free from
WALTHAM WATCH CO. (Dept. 68), 125, High Holborn, London W.C.

An Efficient Pruner.

If you are a garden lover you know the necessity of possessing an efficient Pruning Knife.

The Knife for your purpose is in the Cutlery Department at Selfridge's.

These Knives have fine Sheffield Steel Blades, and can be obtained in various sizes. Price, each **1/6**

SELFRIDGE'S OXFORD ST., W.

Selfridge & Co., Ltd., Oxford St., W. 'Phone: Gerrard 1.

NOW as always you can obtain one of the famous

WHITELEY CYCLES

upon our wonderful

EASY PAYMENT TERMS.

The "Kildare Club" Record Model. All bright parts thickly plated, black enamelled and lined green, Dunlop Cambridge Tyres, guaranteed 12 months, Roller Lever Brakes, Perry Chain, and Free Wheel.

£3:19:6 or 12 monthly payments of 6/8.

Prompt delivery after first payment.

"Kildare Club" Cycles are British made throughout.

Money returned if not satisfied. Carriage Paid to your door.

RALEIGHS. SWIFTS. SINGERS. HUMBERS. HUDSONS. JAMES. Etc., also supplied.

WM. WHITELEY LTD. QUEEN'S RD., LONDON. W.

Write for Catalogues and mention "John Bull."

16 MORE AIR-RAID CLAIMS PAID.

OUR FREE WAR INSURANCE—THE ONLY SCHEME COVERING LIFE, LIMB AND HOME AGAINST ALL RISKS.

In view of the many benefits offered to readers by our Free War Insurance Scheme, it is not surprising that a very large proportion indeed of the sufferers through the recent raids by German aircraft had taken the wise precaution of covering themselves against los Our scheme, it will be remembered, was the first formulated for the protection of innocent civilians against the "frightfulness" of our unscrupulous foe, and it is even yet quite without a rival. The following list of sixteen names and addresses forms a striking testimony to the public appreciation of its generous terms. All these claims have been settled, whilst others to hand just as we are going to press are under investigation, the result of which will be announced next week.

Dawson, M. E., "Wyvenhoe" Commercial Hotel, 20 and 22 Denmark Road, Lowestoft.
Blanchflower, H. W., Alexandra House, 34 Denmark Road, Lowestfoft.
Large, E. A., 54 Denmark Road, Lowestoft.
Abbott, E. R., 58 Denmark Road, Lowestoft.
Daplyn, R., 68 Denmark Road, Lowestoft.
Elven, G., 124 Denmark Road, Lowestoft.
Powell, Wm., 134 Denmark Road, Lowestoft.
Caseley, W. G., 136 Denmark Road, Lowestoft.
Soanes, M., 156 Denmark Road, Lowestoft.
Eagle, Wm., 168 Denmark Road, Lowestoft.
Turner, T., 1 Junction Passage, Denmark Road, Lowestoft.
Barbor, G., 22 Clapham Road, Lowestoft.
Overy, G. F., 5 John Street, Lowestoft.
Rainbird, Chas., 29 Kimberley Road, Lowestoft.
Lay, Herbert, 14 Trafalgar Street, Lowestoft.
Withers, S. A., Tunbridge House, 29 Maidstone Road, Lowestoft.

It will be remembered that we paid no less than 30 claims arising out of prior raid—a number quite unapproached by any other publication.

The time of year most favourable for the operation of aircraft has now arrived, and further outrages may consequently be looked for. Forewarned should, indeed, be forearmed in a case like this, when protection may be obtained, without the expenditure of a penny, against almost every conceivable war risk.

No reader of this journal should fail to fill up a coupon for every member of his family. Any extra copies required will be gratefully received by our soldiers and sailors on active service or at home.

Full Particulars of Our Comprehensive and Generous Insurance Scheme.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against Zeppelin or other air raids, bombardment, invasion, raid, riot, civil commotion, civil war, revolution, rebellion, blockade—indeed, every conceivable war risk. Many of our readers are filling up coupons not only for themselves, but for their wives and families. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have endeavoured to make our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and for this reason we shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. You may either fill in the coupon which will be found on page ii. of our cover, which will keep you insured for one week, and must be renewed weekly, or, to avoid the necessity of doing this, you may sign the Newsagent Order form below, which will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme remains in force.

What We Will Pay.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged, (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £15,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one town.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of John Bull—or decide to become one—sign the following form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To Mr. or Mrs. ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver John Bull to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

April 24, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., John Bull, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

Mr. or Mrs. .....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

April 24, 1915. .....

GENUINE FREE GIFT

TO EVERY READER OF "JOHN BULL."

"BRITISH HEROISM."
(The Taking of the Guns by the 9th Lancers.)
J. HALFORD ROSS.

The thrilling story of British heroism in the taking of the German guns at Mons by the 9th Lancers will surely live in history as one of the most heroic deeds of the British Army.

The gallant Lancers had been bravely covering the retreat of the Infantry when their Colonel informed them that some eleven guns about a mile distant *must* be taken at any cost! The bugle was immediately sounded for the charge, and in an instant the intrepid Lancers dashed forward amid a hail of shrapnel and rifle-bullets! The guns were reached and the German gunners thoroughly routed. The Lancers speedily put the guns out of action and rode back triumphantly to the ranks with the proud consciousness that they had fulfilled their duty.

The artist has most graphically depicted the Noble Lancers on their outward journey nearing the guns on the confines of a wood and we cannot but think that the readers of "John Bull" will be glad to secure the engraving as a lasting and valuable memento of one of the many glorious deeds of the noble British Army, a picture which will tell the story to their children, and their children's children.

The very charming and exquisite Engraving of "BRITISH HEROISM" (the Taking of the Guns by the 9th Lancers), from the Original Painting by J. HALFORD ROSS, will be presented ABSOLUTELY FREE TO EVERY READER OF "JOHN BULL" making application by means of the Coupon found below. Each Engraving is produced on fine quality Plate Paper measuring 22 by 16 inches.

PRESENTATION COUPON

"JOHN BULL," 21/4/15.

Entitling the Reader to ONE FREE Fine Art Plate of "BRITISH HEROISM."

Sir,—Please forward me the Picture of "BRITISH HEROISM," from the Original Painting by J. HALFORD ROSS, together with your ILLUSTRATED LIST OF ART PRODUCTIONS. Enclosed is the nominal fee of 6d. by Postal Order (or stamps 7d.) to cover cost of case, packing, carriage and all other expenses, NO CHARGE WHATEVER BEING MADE FOR THE PICTURE ITSELF.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please write clearly. .....

A limited number of the above Plates can be had, if desired, PAINTED BY HAND IN WATER-COLOURS BY A FIRST-CLASS ARTIST for the merely nominal sum of 2s. 6d. each. Money returned IN FULL if not approved.

All applications should be plainly addressed:—

J.B. COLBAN-EWART,
THE BRITISH ART ASSOCIATION, Ltd.,
251, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.

Boy's Lost Nerve Power

COMPLETE NERVOUS WRECK CURED BY
Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the All-British Remedy.

Hayward, Coventry.

"My little boy had St. Vitus Dance to a frightful degree of severity," says Mrs. Hayward, of 150, George Street, Coventry, "and no treatment did any good at all till we got him Dr. Cassell's Tablets. He was quite unable to control his movements, his arms shot out violently in all directions, and his speech was simply a mumble. We could not trust him with a knife and fork for fear he would injure himself. We had the best skill we could obtain for him, but it was no use. He became a complete nervous wreck, and there seemed no hope. But when we gave him Dr. Cassell's Tablets there soon came improvement. His nerves grew steadier daily, till in the end he was completely cured."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nerve or bodily weakness in old or young. They are composed of harmless ingredients which have an invigorating effect on all the nerve centres, and are the surest remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney Disease	Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis	Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Prostration
Spinal Paralysis	Sleeplessness	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh
Infantile Paralysis	Anæmia	Malnutrition	Climatic Weakness

And are especially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and the Critical Periods of Life.

All chemists and stores in all parts of the world sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.—the 4s. 6d. size being the most economical.

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY sent on receipt of name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box X.23), Chester Rd., Manchester.

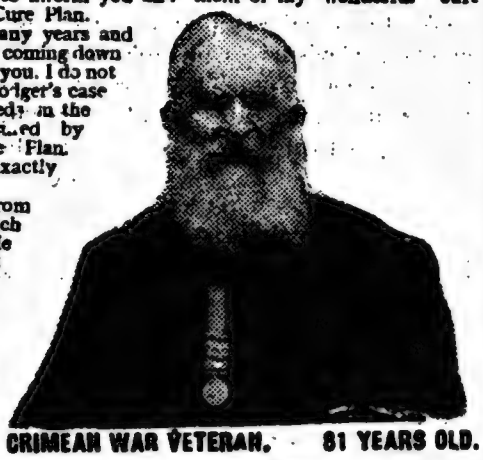
NO NEED TO WEAR TRUSSES.

Be Completely Cured and Truss Free.

Mr. R. BODGER, Maiden Down Wellington, Somerset, England.

Mr. Bodger writes:—"I am now in my eighty-first year, and feel it a duty, for the sake of Rupture sufferers, to inform you and them of my wonderful cure through following your Home Cure Plan.

"I was Ruptured a great many years and suffered very much, my Rupture coming down a fearful size. Now, thanks to you, I do not require to wear a Truss." Mr. Bodger's case is but one of the many hundreds in the British Isles who have been cured by following the Collings Home Plan. When I say "cure," I mean exactly what I say.



CRIMEAN WAR VETERAN. 81 YEARS OLD.

Captain Collings suffered from two very bad Ruptures which doctors could not cure. He originated the Collings Plan and quickly cured himself. Since his cure he has given to the world at large the benefit of his experiments and experience. It is not a take appliance spring Truss, no operation. Appliances and Trusses are merely mechanical devices, and alone are unable to give to Nature the assistance required to strengthen the muscles and effect a cure of Rupture.

The Collings Plan is a unique, reliable and painless Home Means, whereby even such cases as those which have been unsuccessfully operated upon may be quickly restored to natural strength.

Complete information of how to effect a cure at home as Mr. Bodger did, and a full Test will gladly be sent Free to all Ruptured people who write for it. Do not be unwise and run into danger by wearing unreliable Trusses, as you only incur disappointment and make your Rupture worse, but fill in the Coupon at the foot of this announcement and post it at once. The Free particulars of How to Cure yourself quickly at Home, together with the £100 offer and a full Test, will reach you promptly.

FREE HOME TEST COUPON.

Capt. W. A. COLLINGS & SONS (Box 11B1),
32, THEOBALD'S ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

DEAR SIRS,—Send me Free the information and Home Test, as I wish to cure my rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Dear Sir Editor—On our Empire this week their is a picture and Stanly says that it is Charlie Chaplin what is on but i say no becausse I say that Charlie Chaplin can make you laughf more than he, if you can tell me hoo is write will you say at onse and settle a bet what we have got on, I saw you wen you were at this town horato bottombly and i no you will anser this guestion but what ever you say i will stick to my own oppinion becausse i dont not think you no everthing."

"Please could you tel me that if what the head guner on the Lion told me is wright, the number one guner on the drednort Queen Elisbeth told him what he told me that when the big gun is let of the bulet goes up in the sky five miles when it is shot 12 miles. Please wood you oblidge and let me know quick as sum people wont beleve me and i want to let them no what i said was not rong."

Dear Bottomley—I was surprised to see my letter in your paper as a Gem from our letter bag. I think that a great insult to one of your most diligent readers. I have read your book, NOT since the year 1880 but since 1909, that is 6 years ago and I am now 20 years old and I will say that it is a better book now than what it was then. I am not going to start raving and cursing you or your book but I will say that if I had seen you on your dam sub editor I would have promptly dotted you both one on your prominent noses. thats all. I lost the bet. The answers were as follows.

(1) Eve was the woman for she wasn't born she was made from a rib out of Adam.

(2) I am a dam fool for trying to answer it. and I think that I am when I look at it, Look here Botty why dont you get married man and have a few kids then I would say you are patriotic. Print this if you like as a Gem. Ha Ha you dursn't thats what I put this bit on for, ha ha. You are a fly one Bot lad but I am just us fly Now I want you as one gentleman to another to apoligese and your sub: to for I am sure he is at the bottom of it. I have about 20 different Photos of you Botty stuck on cardboard and I wouldn't less them for quids and thats all the thanks I get when writing to you to help me. if you dont apoligise I will compose some poetry which will turn your hair grey see if I dont ha ha ha, thats fightened you has it. Nevre mind Bot lad you are not a bad old chap."

Every Britisher naturally desires to possess some tangible emblem of the regiments and ships whose heroic deeds are forming so glorious a chapter in our national history. The sets of official crests of both the Army and Navy which Messrs. Gale and Polden, Ltd., are placing on the market at the low price of 1s., complete, are therefore sure of a hearty reception. No less than 108 crests are given for each of the services, all printed in colours and gold, the collection being beautifully mounted and bound in a limp cover.

THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS IN FRANCE.

We aren't in the fighting line,
  We aren't with the guns,
We never does no chasin'
  When the enemy 'e runs.
But when Tommy wants 'is supper,
  An' we aren't to the fore,
There's a bloomin' lot o' cussin'
  At the Army Service Corps.

Our fightin' ain't wi' bullets,
  But 'e ain't no bally fool
Who can drive a traction engine
  Or a commissariat mule.
We've got to get them forrard,
  Them an' all the bloomin' store,
Or, it's What the! where the! what's up
  With the Army Service Corps?

We're a-workin' on the wharf,
  We're a-toilin' on the train,
We're a-broilin' in the sunshine,
  Or a-drippin' in the rain.
We're a-sweatin' in the store-room,
  Or a-sleepin' on its floor,
It's eternal "marchin' orders"
  To the Army Service Corps.

When the engine's bent her axle,
  An' the trucks 'ave left the tracks,
An' whole spans o' stubborn, wicked mules
  Are a-turnin' on their backs,
When the waggon's toppled over,
  An' you can't do any more,
It's then, O God of Battles!
  Help the Army Service Corps.

There's a lot o' decorations
  That we never comes across,
An' we've little chance o' gettin'
  Near a bronze Victoria Cross.
But they'll make some decoration,
  An' give medals by the score,
To the man who'll make a time-sheet
  For the Army Service Corps.

G. L. Webster.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 20.

No competitor succeeded in forecasting all the results correctly. One match was not played. The most correct coupon, containing four errors, and which wins the £100 Consolation Prize, was sent by—

Alf. H. Cutsforth,
5, Owthorne Villas,
Rosmead Street, Hull.

ALLEN'S DAILY SYSTEM WIRES

YOU CAN START WITH ONLY £3 CAPITAL! PROFITS OFTEN EXCEED £10 DAILY.

Known throughout the world as the most reliable means of beating the bookmakers. I on't lose any more money.

I PROMISE YOU A WINNING SEASON

without fail. Follow my Daily System Wires and celebrated method of investment. Acknowledged by all my clients as the most wonderful method ever invented. IT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME. There is no risk, as, should I fail in the terms of my guarantee,

I WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL

without making any deductions for telegraphic expenses. Could I say anything fairer or offer more genuine proof?
Send for MY GREAT FREE 44-Page BOOK. It contains scores of testimonials, proofs, press-opinions, past selections, and, moreover, explains HOW TO MAKE RACING PAY Don't wait until to-morrow, you may forget.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING.

so sit down and write now. Simply write your name and address and the words "JOHN BULL" on a postcard, and the book will be sent you by return of post in a PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE

CLIENTS AT HOME OR ABROAD, UNABLE TO ATTEND TO WIRES, CAN HAVE THE SYSTEM WORKED FOR THEM BY A COMPETENT STAFF.

C. ALLEN, 489a, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Persons under 21 are respectfully requested not to apply.

Don't Wear a Truss!

Brooks' New Scientific Appliance—Adjustable to any Size Person—Easy, Comfortable, Affording Instant Relief—Made for Men, Women or Children.

SENT ON TRIAL.

No Risk in ordering—Money will be refunded if not satisfied.

After thirty years' experience in curing rupture an appliance has been invented which will absolutely hold the rupture and never slip, yet is light, cool, and comfortable. It conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting, and costs less than many common trusses. There are no springs, or hard, lumpy pads, and yet it holds the rupture safely and firmly without pain or inconvenience. We make it to your measure, and send it to you **on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded**, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it.

"I AM PERFECTLY CURED!"

Smith's Shop, Kingstone, Hereford.

C. E. Brooks, Esq.

Dear Sir,—For over 20 years I have suffered from rupture. During that period I have spent pounds in seeking a remedy. When I heard of you I had doubts, for I thought it would be simply another case of failure and expense. Just over six months ago I decided to give you a trial, and I found relief very quickly. But the best of all, I am pleased to inform you that for over two months I have not used the Appliance, for I am perfectly cured. I am a blacksmith and can do all the heavy work without being troubled in any way. Please accept my best thanks.

Yours very gratefully,
THOMAS PHILLIPS

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

"I CONSIDER I AM CURED!"

86, Grove Street, Freehold, Rochdale.

Mr. Brooks.

Dear Sir.—It is with pleasure I write you these few lines to inform you that I have been successful with your Appliance. I consider I am cured of rupture, having done without it for six weeks, and only having had it on five months, after having tried four years with other remedies. I shall be pleased to be of service to you when an opportunity comes my way.

Thanking you for the good you have done me,

Yours gratefully,
THOMAS HOWARTH.

P.S.—The Appliance is as good to-day as when I got it from you.

We have received thousands of letters like these from grateful patients the world over. This Appliance gives **instant relief**, and effects permanent cures when everything else has failed. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies. Fill in the attached coupon and post to-day, and we will send you free our illustrated Book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, and giving the names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. If in London, call at our Consulting Rooms at corner of Portugal Street. Experienced attendants for both ladies and gentlemen.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 747e, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.,
747e, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please write plainly.

The Chair that never looks old!

—That's the great beauty and attraction of having a Berkeley Loose-Cover Easy Chair.

The moment it looks soiled you simply wash the cover and you have a chair like new once more.

THE Berkeley Loose-Cover Easy Chair is specially designed for Bedrooms and the Drawing Room. It is dainty in appearance, yet strongly constructed upon a sound Birchwood frame. The sides and backs are gently curved, giving extreme comfort, and the seat is sprung with best steel-coppered springs.

Upholstered in Casement Cloth and fitted with a charming Loose Cover in Cretonne of your own selection.

This Loose Cover easily slips on or off the chair for washing, and the chair can still be used without the cover. As a supreme guarantee every

Berkeley

IS SOLD ON THE MONEY-BACK PRINCIPLE.

On receipt of 2/6 with order we send the Chair, complete with Loose Cover, without further payment, carriage paid in England and Wales; and if you are not completely satisfied you may return it *at our expense*, and we will refund your money in full.

COMPLETE WITH LOOSE COVER:

27'6

2/6 with Order, and balance 4/- Monthly.

FREE Send postcard to-day for particulars and patterns of Cretonnes. You will be delighted with the beautiful range of designs and colourings.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD.,

Specialists in Easy Chairs

Dept. B.K.,
93-97, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON.

New West-End Showrooms
133, Victoria St., Westminster

At the Front

"Milkmaid Brand" Café au Lait is keenly enjoyed in the trenches—and our French comrades recognise it as the true Café au Lait of France. Freshly roasted coffee, rich milk, refined sugar—all correctly mixed. The addition of boiling water makes a delicious and sustaining beverage, more economical than ordinary coffee.

MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

"Leaves no 'grounds' for complaint."

Sold in 5d. and 10d. tins by all Grocers and Stores. Sample sent on receipt of name and address of Grocer and 2d. stamps for postage.

Try the distinctive biscuit "Ideal Milk" with a cup of Cafe au Lait — delightful companions.

"Milkmaid Brand" D.P. Depot, 6-8, Eastcheap, London.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write their name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. *Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, etc., except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. *All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"JEWELL" (Sheerness) congratulates us on our "clinking speeches." Glad they have clinked.

"A READER" (London, W.C.).—Do we know Baron von Bissing, etc., etc.? Our dear sir, we were the first to draw public attention to him, and, we believe, brought about his departure from Hove.

"SEAFARER" (Kingstown).—Suggestions for destroying German submarines should be sent to Mr. Churchill. We do not interfere with his arrangements.

E. H. P. B. (Eilston).—The Board of Trade consists of its President, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. *Mais, nous allons changer tout cela.*

J. F. (Redhill).—You confess that you are both a Scot and a teetotaler. We all have our peculiar afflictions. Yet, will you place your hand upon your heart and say you approve of Mr. Asquith's choice of Mr. Gulland for the Chief Government Whipship?

L.-SGT. S. (Staverton) relates how, a patient at Lackhampton Court having asked for us, a nurse came into the recreation-room and enquired of a man in a chair, "Are you sitting on JOHN BULL?" "No," he replied, "there are plenty trying to, but they never will." That reminds us of the story of the club-man who, addressing the club pest (the selfish hog who grabs as many papers as he can), said: "Excuse me, sir, but are you reading that paper you are sitting on?"

A. S. C. (Boscombe) wishes to know whether separation allowance is paid to the wives of officers holding temporary commissions. In parliamentary language, the answer is in the negative.

"AN APPRECIATOR" (London, W.).—We never suggested that that mischievous Irish man, G. Bernard Shaw, owes England "an undying debt of gratitude." We merely suggested that *common decency* should restrain him from falsely vilifying, to the huge delight of our enemies, the country which has provided him with his bread and butter and what measure of fame he enjoys. The Irish soldiers, who help very materially to win our battles, do not throw into the enemy's lines pamphlets of an anti-British and pro-German character, do they? Well, that is the equivalent of what G. B. S. has been guilty of, so your analogy, like an Irish man at a wake, does not hold water.

"LANCE-CORPORAL" (Rhyl) says that there are five brothers serving in the same platoon of "B" Company, 13th Service Battalion of the Welsh Regiment, and all are billeted in the same house. He would like to know if this is a record. So far as we are aware it is, and we heartily congratulate them and their parents, and wish them the best of luck.

PTE. G. G. (Weymouth).—We have no hesitation in repeating that we believe the soldiers of Kitchener's Army are as moral as the parsons and old maids who revile them. Also as useful.

"SLAVEY" (North Finchley) tells us that her "soldier boys always treat her with the greatest respect." And they always will if she respects herself.

G. D. (Wisbech) regrets our "accusation of bigotry against the secularists." We regret his regrets.

"GLASWEGIAN."—The only explanation of Hugh Ferguson's scurrilous sheet is, presumably, the fact that we recently let him off the payment of a considerable sum for costs due to us in connection with the action we brought against him for libel some time ago.

"FAIRPLAY" (Liverpool)—Wholeheartedly with you in thinking that in present-day conditions the mercantile marine officer deserves better pay than he is receiving.

C. W. H. R. (Harlesden) wishes us to induce the *Daily News* to deal more candidly with readers, "especially during the War." Readers of that hurdy-gurdy have their remedy.

"A. LERT" (London, W.C.).—Thanks for yours. May have made further reference to the matter before this appears.

J. C. (Bromsgrove).—It is usual to give the Easter collections to the Vicar.

"PRIVATE" (B.E. Forces).—Dr. Lyttelton be hanged!

C. M. (Glasgow) alleges that the first V.C. was won by C. D. Lucas, mate of H.M.S. *Hecla*. If what he says is true, he is quite correct.

"ROYAL ENGINEER" (Wantage) sends "An idea of a Military Government for health of everyone." Not for *our* health.

"ALSIBIS" (Hampstead) thinks we "have the mentality to grasp and comprehend the higher or transcendental truths." Whoever doubted it?

W. J. W. (Carnforth) is sore because, at 22, he has been rejected for khaki, "though quite strong and healthy to look at." Glad the spirit is willing, though the flesh is weak.

H. T. (Wakefield).—"Two friends of mine had a dispute whether you were a married man or a bachelor." Why worry?

"SAPPER" (Bath).—If the women next door have any sense of decency they will not dance as with clogs while your daughter is lying so dangerously ill. Could not you get the doctor to write to them if they decline to take notice of you?

M. F. DE P. (Eastbourne).—Justice is the jewel of our souls. On the admitted facts, your husband did wrong. If you have papers proving he is not an alien enemy, write to the Home Secretary, or get a solicitor to do so.

MRS. L. (Greenock) sent some table delicacies to her son at the Front, but on arrival most of 'em were squashed and the rest were missing. He has our symph.

"TROOPER" (Chelmsford), enclosing us a poem without poetry, adds, "Send me 10s. 6d. for this." Would be horribly dear at 11¾d.

F. W. (Greenheys) wishes to enter the Pilot Service, and will be much obliged if we forward particulars of same. Sorry, but we are not forwarding agents. He should write Secretary, Trinity House, London.

S. B. (Hull).—Your telephone affair is a case of hard lines.

L.M. (R.F.A.).—"I beg to call your attention to so many young men being still employed in large drapery houses in Kensington." We have had an eye on them also.

W. C. tell us that the crew of H.M.S. *Agadir*, base hospital ship to the Grand Fleet, would give anything for a football or a set of boxing gloves, to help them while away the time. Our kindly disposed readers should address these articles to the Crew, H.M. Hospital S. *Agadir*, c.o. G.P.O., London.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS!—We are desired to announce that a "Young married lady, whose husband is at the Front, will be glad to visit any wounded soldiers in London who have no friends or relatives here to cheer them." Letters should be addressed to Mrs. K., c.o. JOHN BULL.

"A READER" has found a soldier's medal bearing the name of Woolston, Army Service Corps. The loser should write to C. R., 5, Oak Bank Avenue, Withington, Manchester.

MRS. J. McC. (Dalston).—If you continued to take A. Cowen and Sons' "bonus" tea until Doomsday, we doubt whether you ever would receive the £5 guaranteed you as far back as October 4th, 1910. It is so easy to say, "Your turn has not yet come."

"EVA GRAY" (Gainsboro').—The auto-knitter is not for persons in reduced circumstances. The golden promises are seldom, if ever, fulfilled.—Soldiers are allowed to write letters from the Front, beside the official Field Service post-cards, but the letters are carefully censored. Those which escape are smuggled across and posted in England. But don't believe *all* the remarkable missives that are printed in the halfpenny press.

"PAT MURPHY" (Monmouth) writes: "Me dir fader a good ol irishman, nos wat is te best, an he ses tet one german is beter ten 2 of ye ol fobs he nos." God save Ireland! It needs it, if it turns out many of that sort.

PTE. JOHN N. BURROWS, 14th Field Ambulance, 5th Division, British Expeditionary Force, is anxiously inquired for by Miss Allen, 28, Magdalen-road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Will he, or any one who knows his whereabouts, communicate with her direct?

Zeppelin Raids! MORE claims paid. See page 24.

A. J. F. G. (Guernsey).—We have frequently drawn attention to the quaint fashion in which "justice" is administered in the Channel Islands. Just wait for our Business Government. Then we will give your Courts a Spring clean.

H. W. C. (Doncaster).—We would recommend you to deal with the Midland Furnishing Co., rather than with the firm you mention.

LOST!—W. T. Carroll, of H.M.S. *Superb*, left a brown-paper parcel in the train from Hartlepool to London. It contained two shirts, a pair of drawers (men's, of course), and a razor. Will the finder be good enough to forward same to W. T. Carroll, H.M.S. *Superb*, c.o. G.P.O., London?

L. B. (Manchester) solves the puzzle: "Who was the lady that died before she was born?" as follows: "In the garden there laid, A beautiful maid, As fair as the sun shone on; The first day of her life she became a wife, And died before she was born." In short, Mother Eve.

"MUSTARD" (Norwich) protests against the so-called "6.30 edition" of certain London newspapers being cried about the streets of his city as early as 8 o'clock in the evening. That is nothing. We in London often see evening newspapers for sale as early as 10 o'clock in the morning!

F. D. K. (Barrow-in-Furness) wants to know "The exact distance in miles between Wilhelmshaven, Germany, and Barrow-in-Furness, England, by sea *via* the English Channel, also round Scotland." Does he mean as the flow cries—er—that is, as the fly crows?

"MANXMAN" (Glasgow) is disgusted, as we are, that Manx-women should so far forget themselves as to teach German prisoners interned in the Isle of Man how to knit. It is casting purl (and plain) before swine.

"FIDEI DEFENSOR."—Why should we reply to the impertinent questions of anonymous correspondents—more especially when they convey offensive and slanderous suggestions?

J. C. (Coventry).—What do you mean when you say you have been molested secretly on two occasions? What form did the molestation take? For goodness sake write to us plainly, or not at all. We have no time to waste on riddles.

O. M. C. (East Dulwich, S.E.).—We, too, have long since come to the conclusion that thousands of pounds are wasted annually on Labour Exchanges. Thanks, but our staff of writers is complete.

J. D. (Warren, U.S.A.).—We see nothing in the cutting from the *Boston American* to lead us to believe that the editor of that spasmodic publication has anything but the most sincere regard for us—whereas you say he seems to love us "like the Devil loves holy water." What gives you that impression?

A. R. (Harlesden).—You cannot compel your late employer to give you a reference. We have frequently expressed our view that this is a defect of the law.

PTE. P. H. F. (Hanworth) inquires the reason for calling France a foreign country. Simply for the reason that it is.

P.-W. (Rottingdean) says: "If a man is the captain of a ship let him be called so legally and not only by courtesy." By all means. But whether he be called captain, skipper, or master, he remains boss all the time.

F. L. L. (Sheffield). — We certainly think the Training College might be patriotic enough to stretch a point and allow students to enlist *at once* without sacrificing all their fees and the chance of obtaining a certificate. If you are compelled to wait till Midsummer, when you will be granted special certificates, it may then be too late. We hope so.

PTE. R. T. (At the Front).—Johnson beat Jeffries, of course. How else would the former have become heavyweight champion?

D. M. (Seaforth).—The particulars you give regarding the sale of chocolates for the Belgian Relief Fund are insufficient. Send us cuttings from your local press or other evidence, and we will investigate.

"BARKIS" (Glasgow).—Having varicose veins in the place you state we don't think for a moment you would pass the doctor. So there is nothing more to argue about.

E. G. C. (Montreal.)—Much thanks. What are we people at home doing letting these Canadian Emigration Bureaux get away with all the boodle?

A. S. (Madrid).—The fashion article does not greatly tickle us, but the final sentence is good: "Sooner than see the ladies dressed as they are, I would prefer to see them without a rag." So would lots of other people.

REV. W. J. (Pailton).—We do not quite grasp the rights and wrongs in your case. Your only course appears to be to act on the advice of a solicitor. Meanwhile, economise your mustard.

"LONGSHOREMAN" (Wolverhampton).—Who are we that we should give the L. & N. W. Railway "a suitable dig for the unpardonable offence of appointing railway officials as General Managers of the two greatest canals in Great Britain"?

E. E. S. (Kingscliffe).—We could not get excited over the choir affair your way. It struck us as a case of much ado about nothing.

A. S. (Vancouver).—"Business here of any kind is as rare as a snowball in hell." Sorry it has melted away.

E. J. B. (Capetown).—"The missionaries come here and educate the Kaffir; which is waste of money and grossly unfair. He is totally unfit to return to the kraal, and not wanted anywhere else." So be it!

"THISTLE" (Methil).—It is quite unnecessary for you to write to the local paper—if its Editor wishes to take the credit for furnishing us with information which, as a matter of fact, came direct from yourself, by all means let him do so.

"CROYDONIAN" is a poor sufferer from paralysis, thirty years of age, who has had to look to his mother for support. She is, however, breaking down in health, and he therefore urgently desires to get into a Home for Incurables, or some hospital in which he could be looked after. Could any of our readers be of assistance to him?

"GORDONS."—Would the Gordon, who is cryptically described to us as "coming from Canada to join his regiment, and who took the boy to be a Teddy Bear and held the baby in long clothes in the streets in Aldershot," send us his address, as the mother would like news of him?

MRS. MARY (Walthamstow) says that when her hubby, serving on one of H.M. ships, has leave, he has to spend all his money on the railway fare home. This is one of the grievances which the Government don't appreciate as they should.

TRADES AND LABOUR COUNCIL (Moose Jaw, Can.).—Copy resolution received. Thanks, but you tell us nothing we have not been saying for donkey's years.

J. H.—Can't make out whether you live in Allfast or Belfast. "Reading that the Scottish Temperance Act has come into force . . . I am wondering how many men like myself, born of Scottish parents, are inwardly thankful for being domiciled outside Scotland." Quite so; but why did the Bannock burn?

H. E. (U.S.A.).—You should have paid the duty on the parcel. The Customs still insist.

"GORDIE" (London, W.) is anxious to obtain the first thirty numbers of JOHN BULL—dated from 9th June to 29th December, 1906. Any offers?

"OMNIBUS" and OTHERS.—You get a free chance in the John Bull Derby Sweep for each ticket you held in any other "Sweep" promoted by Mr. Patrick O'Brien, the completion of which was interrupted by the war, independently of any further tickets for which you may subscribe. But, as announced elsewhere, we cannot either act as agents or enter into correspondence regarding this scheme. You must write direct, upon all matters, to Patrick O'Brien, Lucerne, Switzerland.

T. H. B. (Colchester).—We note Col. Hunter's statement at Morpeth that 80 per cent. of the men who have done great deeds in war were teetotalers. Bet we could prove just as easily that 90 per cent. were done by men who appreciated a wee drappie.

"BE BRITISH" (Newport, Sal.).—The reason, of course, is that a foreigner presumably knows less about the law of England than an Englishman.

"GORDON HIGHLANDER" (Aberdeen) says barracks damages arising out of horseplay are paid for by the soldier. Another charge of the Gordon Highlanders.

W. C. S. (Haverhill).—Scheme of "Precaution as to Lighting and Air Raids," prepared by direction of local Emergency Committee, bad composition but good sense.

"LEO" (Montreal).—Evidence to convict said Germhun of being spy evidently not strong enough. How, therefore, could we on your *ipse dixit* say that the Company fire British clerks and keep German spies?

ADA S. (Lyceum).—We can say no more than that if your "Bullets" have been fired they have been judged and marked "Off target."

MAX, aged 8 (Stepney) says, "When Berlin will be conquered Her forts we will take, Then the Germans like a pudding Shall in the oven bake." In other words, they will get it hot. Max, you are a born poet.

"ANXIOUS GIRLS" (Walsall) suggest a local Women's Corps. We suggest they will be better employed in the Emergency Scheme of the Board of Trade. They can obtain particulars at the Labour Exchange.

CORPORAL H. H. R. (King's).—"There was a young man of the King's, Who did some peculiar things, He laid in his 'dug-out,' And handed his mug out, Saying, 'Rum is the rummest of things.'" Take two spoonfuls.

J. C. H. (W. Auckland).—There is a thing or two we don't know. One of them is the technique of explosives and guns.

(*Continued on page* 30).

Huge war prizes offered by "Bullets" this week. See page 36.

John Bull's Letter Bag—(continued).

J. W. (London, E.) writes:—"Knowing your anxiety about the public health I know you will be pleased to hear that the Church Army Home for Working Men is not quite perfect." We are simply delighted.

J. D. (Egypt).—"The U.S. battleship played the British National Anthem as our troopships passed. I say three cheers for the U.S. What say you?" Ditto.

S. A. H. (Beckton).—Have never seen H.M.S. *Ariel*. If the *Daily Mail* pictures it as one type and the *Daily Chronicle* as another, it seems probable that at least one of them has not seen it either.

Private G. (Mil. Hospital).—If the master will not let his apprentice join the Colours he is no patriot, and, we should say, only about half a man.

F. C. S. H. (Tansa (?) Egypt).—"Now, sir, in my humble opinion all Germhun and Austrian goods in England or any British colony ought to be confiscate to the Government." Would not be very just to the trader who had bought them and paid for them in a free market, would it?

"Yorkshireman" (London, W.) suggests we should be elected president of the Peace Conference, when it meets. A unanimous desire in that direction will receive our profound consideration.

"Lce.-Cpl." (Gloucester), apropos of the Girls' League of Honour, says, "Hang it all, if a soldier is not married or 'hitched' what else can he do but sit in a pub if he can't talk to his opposite sex?" Couldn't he attend teetotal meetings?

R. H. W. (s.s. *Highland Harris*) asks, *inter alia*, "May I repeat my opinion that, next to Lord Kitchener, the most influential person in England to-day is the most worthy friend of the people, Horatio Bottomley?" He may.

"Buyer" (Johannesburg).—You are correct in saying that a number of British firms are represented abroad by Austrian and German agents. But shush! They would rather not have such things mentioned.

Driver A. O. (R.F.A.).—We believe it is the *Weekly Dispatch* which is giving away boxing gloves for troops. It is no use your applying to *Punch*.

J. E. L. (Port Talbot).—A landlord who raises his rents against poor tenants by taking advantage of a scarcity of house accommodation at such a time as this, is no friend of ours.

"Capt. & Adjt." (Reading) gives the united service of self and four sons, all now serving Country and King: father, 45 years; eldest son, 15 years; second son, 13 years; third son, 11 years; fourth son, 5 years (wounded at Chapelle); about ninety years in all. Proud the father of such sons; proud the sons of such a father.

A. C. (S. Shields).—Thanks very much. If original, very creditable indeed for "a coal trimmer—in fact, a dirty navvy." The individual in question has been at the back all the time, as far as we know, and seems likely to stay there.

E. G. A. (Valnord).—Thank you, and thank your son.

"Ontario" (Canada).—We note that Mr. John Burrough, the American naturalist, thinks it would do little harm if George Bernard Pshaw was "put in front of the British Army, and several of the Kaiser's bullets landed in his anatomy." There would be one advertiser the less, that's all.

G. L. (Highgate) would be glad if any reader could find him a berth on board a liner as clerk, or at some warm seaside place. He is an educated, elderly man, of excellent ability, and has first-class references. At present he is temporarily laid up owing to a slight operation.

E. (Macsteg).—Certainly you are entitled to Separation Allowance if your brother makes you an allotment. Your postal order has been added to our War Sufferers' Fund.

"Regular Reader" (Plumpton).—Sorry we cannot "authenticate or otherwise" the statement that "the English language contains 250,000 words, or 70,000 more than the French, German or Spanish languages combined." We should not be surprised were this true, as the fifteenth, and supplementary, volume of the Encyclopædic Dictionary gives nearly 40,000 words as having come into use since the year 1888—most of these, of course, being scientific terms, although they include such words as "maffick" and "bullet-head."

"Shemish" (Tuechar).—Sorry we have no special information regarding the firms inquired about. Your postal order for a shilling—in the absence of your name and address for its return—has been added to our War Sufferers' Fund.

"Corporal's Wife" (St. George's) complains of slow promotion in the Marines. She should wait; the Marine has not had a "show" yet. The purchase of commissions was abolished immediately after the Crimean War. Her postal order has gone to our War Sufferers' Fund.

J. D. L. (Llandyssul).—As you are only 15 and want to become a journalist, you had better start on a country newspaper. Then, if you find you have journalistic ability, you may work your way up. But it is a long, long road to Fleet Street.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

MILK & SUGAR BOTH UP!

Follow "Truth's" advice:

"TRUTH" recommends: "Careful housewives to be chary of sugar and economise in every convenient way. **CONDENSED MILK** . . . . . is useful in this direction, and **lends itself to far more methods of cookery than it is as a rule used for.**"

PROVE THIS YOURSELF:

BUY A TIN OF

NESTLÉ'S MILK

NO ALTERATION IN PRICE

and send a postcard for "Dainty Dishes" and other information supplied gratis on application.

NESTLÉ'S, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.

By Appointment *to H.M. the King.*

TWO GOOD LINES.

The Canadian Badge (as worn by our brave Colonial Troops), and the Pro Patria photo pendant.

Both are beautifully enamelled, the Canadian badge in correct colours, and the pendant either blue or black.

Price of Canadian badge, made as brooch or pendant, **1s 6d.**, or in silver, **3s. 6d.**, post free. Also mounted as hatpin, at **1s. 9d.**, post free.

Photo pendants, **1s. 6d.**, or in silver, **3s. 6d.**, post free. Real silver chains for wearing with pendants, **2s.** each.

Send postal order (not stamps) for whichever you require TO-DAY.

For all badges and military buttons write us.

THE EMPIRE BADGE CO. (incorporating the J. B. Co.). Mail Order Dept.

EMPIRE HOUSE, GREAT CHARLES STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Your Future Depends on Yourself.

BE A PRIVATE SECRETARY

(Not A Boy-A Week Man).

A RAPID RISE TO SUCCESS.

The demand for trained men as Private Secretaries in Literary, Commercial, Political, and other circles was never greater than at the present time, and is constantly growing. The position of the Private Secretary is unique—short hours, congenial occupation, liberal salary, excellent prospects, permanent employment, and undoubted social status. A University Education is NOT necessary to secure these advantages. Anyone of average ability can easily qualify in a few weeks for a splendid position AND GET IT.

SALARIES UP TO £1,000 PER ANNUM.

Appointments already secured in the service of the Duke of Grafton, Earl Stratford, Duchess of Sutherland Sir F. Burdett, the ex-Lord Mayor of London, &c. This same success may be your own.

Mr. C. H. Canning, on the completion of our Secretarial Course, secured a brilliant position, and now earns £900 per annum.

Mr. Cyril F. W. Andrews on completing our Correspondence Course was immediately appointed to a responsible position with the British Embassy at Bordeaux.

There is no finer opening for a young man or woman than our Secretarial Course, which carries with it the guarantee of a good position.

Write to-day for our free Handbook and 500 Testimonials, with full information showing How to Become a Private Secretary.

Principal, HOLBORN HALL COLLEGE, 385, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

'Phone 6111 Holborn. *Established 30 years.*

Are you troubled by Eczema or Pimples?

Antexema soon heals skin troubles of the legs.

Antexema clears your skin of all spots or blemishes.

Are you worried day and night by itching, burning eczema? Is your face or neck disfigured by this distressing skin illness? Or have you eczema in any part of your body? If so, remember that you need not suffer in this way. Whether yours is dry, weeping or scaly eczema does not matter, for in either case Antexema will free you from it. Antexema instantly arrests the progress of the trouble, and soon all signs of eczema go away. Send for Free Trial bottle at once.

Humiliation, discomfort and annoyance are caused by disfiguring pimples, blackheads and face spots. In addition, an eruption of pimples is in many cases the first sign of serious skin illness. Therefore, get Antexema and clear your skin. Not only is Antexema a cure for eczema, pimples, face spots and rashes of every kind, but it also cures bad legs, bad hands, scalp troubles, skin irritation, red, rough or chafed skin, and every similar trouble. Antexema succeeds when all else has utterly failed. Antexema cures you completely and permanently.

Do your duty to your skin, and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also at Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods', Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. :—Please send booklet, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps, also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL, 24.4.15. .....

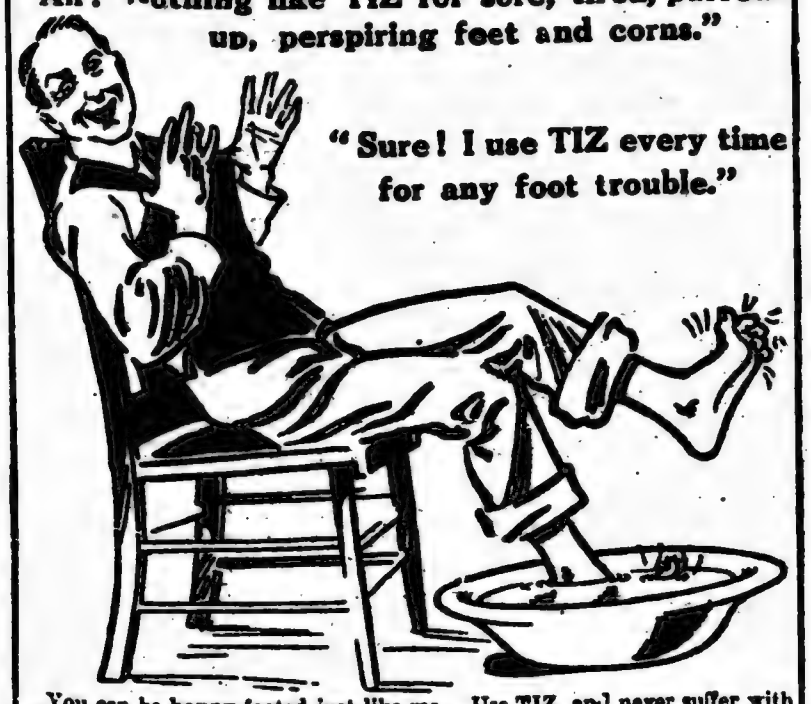
For eczema of hands or arms you must get Antexema.

Rashes disappear very soon when Antexema is applied.

Can't beat "TIZ" when Feet Hurt

"Ah! Nothing like TIZ for sore, tired, puffed-up, perspiring feet and corns."

"Sure! I use TIZ every time for any foot trouble."



You can be happy-footed just like me. Use TIZ, and never suffer with tender, raw, burning, blistered, swollen, tired feet. TIZ and only TIZ takes the pain and soreness out of corns, hard skin, and bunions.

As soon as you put your feet in a TIZ bath you just feel the happiness soaking in. How good your poor old feet feel. They want to dance for joy. TIZ is grand. TIZ instantly draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause sore, inflamed, aching, perspiring feet.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores Get instant foot relief. Laugh at foot sufferers who complain. Because your feet are never, never, going to bother or make you limp any more.

How to get rid of your GREY HAIR

A Simple, Sure, Harmless Treatment which can be used at Home with Complete Success Age no obstacle.

FREE GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF 10,000 SPECIAL TRIAL BOTTLES.

I AM A WOMAN who belongs to a prematurely grey-haired family. My father was grey before he was 30, and two of my brothers as well as my sister became grey early in life. Before the age of 25 I developed grey hairs, which became quite embarrassing to me—socially and also in business. **I LOST THREE GOOD POSITIONS** for no other reasons than my fading hair. The greyness increased with alarming rapidity, and at 28 **I LOOKED LIKE A WOMAN OF 45.** One day I was seriously thinking of buying one of the many Grey Hair Restorers that are extensively advertised, when I casually mentioned the subject to an acquaintance—a scientific man, and as I afterwards learnt a great student of the Chemistry of the Hair. He strongly advised me to have nothing whatever to do with these concoctions. He pointed out that **SUCH PREPARATIONS EVENTUALLY RUINED THE HAIR,** and in the meantime, rarely deceived—even the casual observer. He suggested that I try a formula that he had perfected after a considerable time which by a certain chemical action on the pigmentary colouring cells restored the hair to its natural colour. In reply to my enquiries he assured me that the formula was not only absolutely harmless, but would develop **A STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL GROWTH OF HAIR.** My friend wrote out his prescription, which I had made up, and after following the instructions for a few days I was surprised and delighted to find my hair becoming richer and darker in tone. The re-colouring process continued until after some few weeks my hair actually once again possessed the natural shade of my girlish days. Since then **I HAVE BEEN INUNDATED WITH ENQUIRIES** from friends and also persons unknown to me, who came to hear of this wonderful preparation. Having become convinced that I have found **A REMEDY OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT,** and which is quite harmless, I have resolved to offer it for sale, as I am certain from my own experience that it will prove an inestimable boon to any man or woman who finds Grey Hair to be the same serious handicap it was to me. It is a Guaranteed Genuine Preparation and **I OFFER A REWARD OF £100** if I cannot prove it will Re-colour Grey Hair to Original Natural Shade.

I have put on one side 10,000 SPECIAL TRIAL BOTTLES which I shall distribute, free of charge, to the readers of this paper while the supply lasts. **FREE**

Simply write your name and address plainly, and enclose Two Stamps for postage, etc., and I will send you the SPECIAL TRIAL BOTTLE in a plain sealed cover.— Address: Mrs. MARY K. CHAPMAN (Suite 501), 8, Mortimer Street, Regent Street, London, W.

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. (Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

CHURCH ARMY HANDBOOK:—
"No Work: NO Food: NO Bed: The Church Army offers all three."

"WAKEFIELD EXPRESS":—
"King Albert's birthday was brilliantly celebrated IN BELGIUM by Belgians IN AMSTERDAM."

"ECHO" (advertisement):—
"There is NO WAITING. Repairs are effected WHILST YOU WAIT."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—
"He took a cigar from between his long teeth, PUFFED AT IT leisurely, and REPLACED it again."

"CONSETT AND STANLEY CHRONICLE":—
"The VIOLIN SOLO 'Home Sweet Home,' by Pte. ———, was very well SUNG."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—
"TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE men were working at the time, and THREE HUNDRED of them are reported to be missing."

"NORFOLK JOURNAL" (advertisement):—
"Housekeeper (Working); wages not so much as a comfortable home; GOOD WAGES REQUIRED."

"NEWCASTLE ILLUSTRATED CHRONICLE":—
"The South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company have arranged a 'special' hourly service of trains . . . from Victoria to the Crystal Palace in 70 or 72 minutes. One exceptional express at midnight performs the journey in 47 minutes. The distance by rail is 9¾ miles."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Isn't the Government getting to "Business" at last?
Are his Generals "relieved" when the Kaiser takes command?
Isn't the Drink question one of "absorbing" interest?
Is the Clown Prince taking "arrest" cure?
Isn't the timber contract a positive "Meyer's" nest?
Isn't the "food" question quite as important as the "drink"?
Have you seen our "sporting" offer below?
Won't Lord Haldane even allow lager in his household?
What does the Cabinet think of "muddle" as a rhyme to "fuddle"?
Is it true that they call them "put-me-downs" instead of "pick-me-ups" in the City now?
Hasn't Mr. William Le Queux got some good friends at the War Office?
Doesn't "Canon" Lyttelton belong to the "small-bore" variety?
Isn't "Mess-up-potamia" how they should truthfully spell it in Turkey?

* * *

Aylesbury will not allow dancing in the town hall during the war. Rough on the "ducks."

* * *

Alcohol, states a contemporary, is a great aid to oratory. On the other hand, it frequently makes men "speechless."

* * *

Miss Peck, of New York, who claims that she can live on a shilling a day, apparently seldom feels "peckish."

* * *

"Lloyd George Meets the Trade," reads a headline. At least half-way, let us hope.

* * *

"Nothing Like Leather," a notice concerning cheap portmanteaux is headed. Such candour is refreshing.

* * *

To prevent misunderstanding, we hasten to point out that the free glasses offered by the War Office to soldiers, are the kind that improve sight, not deprive men of it.

* * *

Although it is true that a corporal lost his wig on the battlefield, most of our men are keeping their hair on.

* * *

"Paris is the place for broken hearts," says a writer. Yes, you get the "plaster" there.

GREAT NEW FREE SPORTING COMPETITION.

CHESTER CUP CONTEST.

To be Run May 5.

£100 FOR PLACING First 3 OR NEAREST.

Knowing that so very many of our readers take a **deep interest** in racing, we have decided to revive our Racing Competitions of last season.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On page 2 of our cover you will find a coupon containing the names of the horses entered for the Chester Cup, to be run on Wednesday, May 5th.

Your task is to put the figure **1** in front of the name of the horse which you think will finish first; the figure **2** against the name of the horse which you think will finish second; and the figure **3** against the name of the horse which you think will finish third. To the reader or readers placing correctly the *first*, *second* and *third* horses we shall award **£100.**

In the event of nobody placing all three correctly, we shall award the **£100** to the competitor placing correctly the *first* and *second*; or, failing that, to the sender of the *most correct* coupon.

HOW TO MARK YOUR COUPON.

If you think, for instance, that "The Guller" will win, you must put the figure **1** opposite that horse's name. If you believe that "Fanfarona" will finish second, you must put the figure **2** opposite his name. If you predict that "Willbrook" will finish third, you must put the figure **3** against his name.

N.B.—You must not mark more than three horses on any single coupon, or else such coupon will be disqualified.

In the event of competitors tieing, the prize-money won will be equally divided. The Editor's decision is to be final.

CLOSES TUESDAY, MAY 4.
DON'T DELAY ENTRIES.

COUPON
will be found on
PAGE 2 of COVER.

YOU CAN SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

Address: "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Chester Cup Contest."
Closing date, Tuesday, May 4th.

£100 MUST BE WON.

WINNERS FOR ALL!

"'THE SQUIRE'S' SATURDAY SPECIAL"

(In Closed Envelope)

Price 6d.

Containing all the exclusive information at present supplied to Weekly Letter subscribers at 5s. per week—as owing to the enormous demand "THE SQUIRE" (who is the Racing Editor of "JOHN BULL") is no longer able to combine this Letter with his regular service—which will in future be confined to "The Squire's Wires"—of which particulars will be found on page 34 of this issue.

"THE SQUIRE" gave

WRACK and OUTRAM (each way)

—which were 1st and 2nd—for the NEWBURY CUP and will have special information for the

IMPORTANT SPRING HANDICAPS.

FIRST ISSUE SATURDAY NEXT, APRIL 24.

On Sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom, or will be sent *post free* for

Four Weeks	**Two Shillings**
Thirteen Weeks	**Five Shillings**
Twenty-six Weeks	**Nine Shillings**

All orders for copies by post must be addressed to the Publishing Department—

ODHAMS LIMITED, 93-94, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

and should be received by first post Friday morning.

Envelopes should be distinctly marked "SATURDAY SPECIAL."

OUR SPORTING PAGE.

RACING AND BOXING NOTES AND NOTIONS.

Racing Notes.

By "THE SQUIRE."

As already announced, we have secured the services of one of the most famous Turf prophets in the country—one who, under a popular "nom de plume," established a marvellous record a few years ago in connection with a well-known evening paper, GIVING EVERY WINNER ON THE CARD UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, *and being alone in his selections of the winners of some of our most important handicaps. In future, therefore, our Sporting Notes will be written by this famous expert—who will also, as will be gathered below, send special and exclusive advice by telegram and post. He will also publish, as from the present week, "The Squire's Saturday Special," price 6d.*

The call is to Epsom again this week. Things will not be quite as lively there as usual, but there seems every prospect of some really good racing. Tuesday's events will have been decided before these notes reach readers and this only leaves one day for discussion. That day will see the issue of the City and Suburban, which, despite other attractions, still retains much of its old time popularity. The field will be a strong one of about twenty runners. I shall take

BLACK JESTER

to win, and expect to see the others placed. JARNAC II. has proved a great disappointment, but he runs well on this course, and should *always* be saved on.

The Hyde Park Plate will bring out some already proved smart youngsters, but the best two-year-old I have yet seen is DUGGIE, and he should win again. NEW YORK should win the Tadworth Plate, and for the Kingswood Plate I like MISPRINT.

At Pontefract to-day (Wednesday) KINSALE should win the Prince of Wales's Plate, whilst on the second day COMATLAST may secure the Carleton Handicap.

Sandown follows Epsom. On Thursday, in the Esher Cup, I must give LUX another chance. TOILER should win the Twickenham Handicap, and LIGHT COMEDIAN the Juvenile Selling Plate. On Friday, the PORTIA C. looks best for the Walton T.Y.O. Selling, and ROSSENDALE, for the Tudor Plate, must on the Newmarket form be a good thing. The Guildford Handicap I shall assign to VERGER II. As regards Saturday's Jumping, I advise following the Dicker stable, picking BUNCH OF KEYS for whichever race he is started for.

At Stockton on Friday, KINSALE, PROVIDER and CHANCE BIRD should win races, whilst on Saturday COLONEL BOGEY and ANTIPATER ought to win.

Latest photograph of the famous Tod Sloan (with inevitable cigar), whose thrilling life story is now appearing in the *Evening News*.

"THE SQUIRE'S WIRES"—AND LETTERS.

Throughout the present season, THE SQUIRE *will send Special Wires and Letters on the following terms:—*

(1) *Daily Wire, £1 per week. (Six Wires).*
(2) *Special Late Daily Wire, £2 per week.*
(3) *Club "Job" Wires, £1 each (minimum 5 Wires).*
(4) *Special "Big Race" Wires, £1 each.*

As regards Daily Wires—whether Ordinary or Late—messages will be sent only when there is special information to communicate, but every subscriber will be entitled to the full number of wires for which he has paid, the term "per week" being interpreted as meaning six messages

For particulars of "THE SQUIRE'S SATURDAY SPECIAL"—*out this week—see page* 33.

All cheques to be made payable to T. SQUIRE.

Boxing and Boxers.

By EUGENE CORRI.

It is agreed that as a boxer, as a man steeped in the science of the "noble art," Jess Willard, the six feet goodness knows how many inches cowboy—the fellow of mahogany—is no master. Awkward, ungainly, slow, without sparkle or fire, he is said to be. But at least he has done this: he has paved the way to the greatest boxing boom in history; and, better than all, he has put an end to contests between black and white. Fights in which colours clash, fights which, whatever one may say or think, stir up a sort of racial war, are bad; nine times out of ten, indefensible. Poor Peter Jackson was black, but he was white; that is, he never became a human peacock. He did not strut; he was never objectionable. He fought shy of trouble; the limelight was never for him. But he was an exception. However, Jack Johnson has disappeared; his day is over. And of the ponderous giant Texas negro let me say this:—He was a remarkable fellow; his physical make-up, so huge was it, his expansive and golden smile, his affectation for things artistic and nice and learned—he posed as a disciple of Herbert Spencer—made him, to the student of character, a truly amazing man, one of the most astonishing niggers who ever put on a glove. His defeat of Tommy Burns at Rushcutter's Bay, Sydney, his subsequent pummelling of the shell of the real Jeffries, were his undoing. For his head became a balloon; he was not the Jack Johnson I knew before he was induced by Hugh D. MacIntosh to travel to Sydney and meet Tommy Burns. Then he was modest—a likeable negro. Money and that which goes with it when you cannot "carry corn" were his Waterloo.

And now how long is Jess Willard going to remain at the top of his class? I have not seen Willard in the ring, but I mind that he has lost to Gunboat Smith; and good fellow as he no doubt is, he must be a rare general to have fought Johnson as he did—I have an idea that if he comes this way, he will be extended more than he was by Johnson.

COMING CHAMPIONS.

I do not think that I am given to exaggeration when I say that, if he keeps fit and well, either Young Ahearn—JOHN BULL's boy—or Georges Carpentier, will be the next White Champion.

We have not seen a great deal of Ahearn in this country, but after watching him against Private Braddock—a fighter, as distinct from a boxer, to the finger tips—I am convinced that he is something of a wonder. Since he returned with little shrewd Dan McKettrick, his manager, he has jumped from one victory to another; he has been all-conquering. In the ring he is something of a human icicle—he is a foreigner to nerves. He has abundant self-confidence; he knows intuitively what he can do and what he cannot do. He is as game as a pebble, as hard as nails, and as clever and as cunning as a wagon-load of monkeys. He is itching to re-visit England. He will have a bidfor the Welter-Weight Championship at the National Sporting Club, and the handsome Lonsdale belt that the genial Pat O'Keefe now holds, but his greatest ambition is to meet Carpentier. And as soon as the war is over, and should the Frenchman be spared, the two will meet under the auspices of JOHN BULL. That will be the fight of fights!

TURF ADVICE.

Good sportsmen requiri g an occasional winner at a good price may send to me. I can supply "good things" out of Berkshire, Wiltshire and a few of the Newmarket stables.

I sent all clients

SUNFIRE

Dead-heat 6 to 1 against. Proof "John Bull."

And followed it up with

PARHELION

Won at 6 to 1 against. Only horse mentioned in letter. Proof "John Bull."

To become one of my clients it is only necessary to faithfully promise to pay me the odds to 2/6 for winners I send you. I only send when the connections of a horse are very sanguine of winning—therefore I only send occasionally.

Send me your promise and a stamped and addressed enve'ope at once for my

NEXT SPECIAL.

Copies of all correspondence sent to "John Bull."

CHARLES STEVENS,
21, Venn St., Clapham, London, S.W.

RECIPE TO STOP DANDRUFF.

This Home-made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids its Growth.

To a half-pint of water add:

Bay Rum	1 oz.
Orlex Compound	A small box.
Glycerine	½ oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, grey hair in 10 or 15 days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

HEIGHT INCREASED

3 to 5 INCHES IN THREE MONTHS.

5/- Complete Course.

NO APPLIANCES. NO DRUGS. NO DIETING.

The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS.
Full Particulars and Testimonial—1 en. y Stamp.
MELVIN J. STRONG, 24, Southwark Street, London.

"JOHN BULL" says: **"THE RACING STUD** runs straight." **LAST YEAR "THE RACING STUD SPECIAL" GAVE OUTRAM**, 25—1, won Lincoln H., **TRIANON**, 100—8, 2nd G. Nat., **CHINA COCK**, 5—1, won L'pool Cup, **BOSS**, 6—1, won Batthyany P., **WRACK**, 4—1, won Newbury Sp Cup, **CHINA COCK**, 4—1, won Queen's Prize, **ANNEGY**, 100—8, won the "Met.," **KENNYMORE**, 2—1, won 2,000 gns., **BRAXTED**, 100—15, 2nd Victoria Cup, **ALEPPO**, 3—1, won Chester Cup, **CURRAGH**, 100—8, won the Jubilee, etc. **"PROOF COPIES"** were posted before racing to **"JOHN BULL,"** and always are. Post early, 5d., for **NEXT MONDAY'S "SPECIAL,"** giving **FOUR BOLD TIPS ONLY**, including **2,000 GNS.** and **VICTORIA CUP** Surprise. **RACES AT THEIR MERCY.** Post £3 for our "next" **£1,000 S.P. JOB WIRE COUP**, running **NEXT SATURDAY.** Defeat scorned. If it fails to **WIN** at 10—1 or more we will **WIRE** our "next" **FREE.** More **COUPS** like our **VERMOUTH**, 20—1, **HUKM**, 100—8, **ULSTER**, 10—1, **V. SCHOOLMASTER**, 10—1, and **LORD ANNANDALE**, won April 16th. Proof "John Bull." **ALL WON.** **"THE RACING STUD,"** High Road, Turnham Green, W.

"THE ADMIRAL"
of
"GALE'S SPECIAL"

is NOT to be confused with any other writer using that *nom-de-plume*. For fifteen years this popular sporting journalist, attached to the staff of "GALE'S SPECIAL," has used the above pen name uninterruptedly, and has made himself popular because of his outstanding successes. In the issue of "GALE'S SPECIAL," dated March 22nd,

"The Admiral" of "Gale's Special"

gave as his sole selection

VIEW LAW for the "LINCOLN,"

and bracketed Bachelor's Flight with

ALLY SLOPER for the "NATIONAL."

"GALE'S SPECIAL" is undoubtedly the paper for WINNERS. Our regular patrons seldom have an unsatisfactory week, and to those sportsmen who have been discontented and discouraged by their past operations we unhesitatingly say BACK OUR JUDGMENT.

Next Monday's issue of "GALE'S SPECIAL," published at 2s. 6d., will contain the Editor's selections for the current week's racing; Hints to act upon, by "The Spotter"; From Post and Paddock, by "The Admiral"; and some interesting notes by "Centaur," and will be sent POST FREE IN PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE upon receipt of 1s. P.O. to all readers of "JOHN BULL" enclosing this paragraph.

SOUND JUDGMENT AND RELIABLE INFORMATION are the most important factors of success in Turf speculations to-day, and our great reputation maintained for upwards of thirty years for definite and reliable intelligence, combined with straightforward and honourable business transactions with all our subscribers, is a guarantee that sportsmen may approach us with confidence. To those who invest substantially we fearlessly recommend the information we send out on

"Gale's" Primus Wire,

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SERVICE EVER INAUGURATED

On Friday, March 5th, "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE was:
THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER, 10 to 1 ag. Won

On Thursday, March 18th, "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE was:
USURY, 5 to 1 agst - - - - Won

On Tuesday, March 23rd, "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE was:
SWITCHBACK, 4 to 1 agst - - - Won

On Wednesday, April 7th, "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE was:—
Red Star, 8 to 1 agst - - - - Third

On Saturday, April 10th, "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE was:—
AQUATINT, 3 to 1 agst - - - Won

The usual price for this SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE is £25 per message, and in no circumstances whatever is more than one selection ever mentioned. Remember, ONE SELECTION ONLY, THE BEST SELECTION THAT MONEY, BRAINS, AND INFLUENCE can procure.

The next selection on this "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE will be sent from Stockton on Saturday, April 24th.

As a SPECIAL OFFER to "JOHN BULL" readers we will send this Special Primus Wire upon receipt of £10, instead of the usual charge of £25,

and UNLESS THE SELECTION SENT IS SUCCESSFUL, WE GUARANTEE OUR NEXT TATTERSALL RING WIRE FREE OF CHARGE.

Note that our ONLY address is:—

"GALE'S SPECIAL,"

Ruskin Buildings,
BIRMINGHAM.

Telegraphic Address: "Winners, Birmingham."

HUGE WAR PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE £250

3,000 PRIZES value £1,200

5 War Prizes of £20 each

5 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	25 PRIZES OF £1	50 PRIZES OF 10/-

100 PRIZES OF 5/-

750 PRIZES OF 2/6

AND OVER 2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

Bullets can only be constructed from these Examples :—

GERMAN RAIDERS
MAKES KAISER ANGRY
STRIKING SUCCESS
THE FINAL RESULT
AFTER ENLISTING
A BAD DROP
DRASTIC MEASURES
TAKING THE PASSES
FIRST ATTACK
TILL FOUND OUT
ODDS AGAINST
A LONG RUN
GREETING FATHER
STOUT OPPOSITION
A HOT FAVOURITE
COLLECTING PLATE
IN THE MORNING
SILENT SUFFERING
THE RECRUITING SERGEANT
FEELING AFRAID
FIGHTING THE FLAMES
HANGING ON
DURING ALTERATIONS
TOMMY'S FIRST STRIPE
ALGY'S MISTAKE
A BAD MISS
MY DELIGHT
UPSETTING THE SULTAN
SPRING FASHIONS
ROAD TO BERLIN

Closing date, Thursday, April 29th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(134) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words or less than two may be used to construct a Bullet.

This Week's Bullet Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly," dated April 24th.

Closing date, Thursday, April 29th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(134) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

If both Coupons are used a Postal Order for 1s. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 134." "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 15th.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of the above examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the Example "SILENT SUFFERING," and take the letters "F" and "L," using the word "MOTHER'S" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet, "FREQUENTLY MOTHER'S LOT." From the Example "MY DELIGHT," the Bullet "GETTING HOLIDAY" can be formed. Again, if you choose the Example "FEELING AFRAID," using the letter "N" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "NOT BRITON'S NOTION."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

"JOHN BULL DERBY SWEEP."—In answer to many enquiries we desire to make it clear that we cannot act in any way as agents for the purchase of tickets in this sweepstake, or enter into any correspondence relating to the matter. All communications MUST be addressed direct to PATRICK O'BRIEN, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

RESULT OF 131ST BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:—

Mr. WILLIAM BLAIR,
152, Albany Road,
Coventry.

Example:—FIRST DRINK.
Bullet:—"FASCINATING," HENCE "FOLLOWERS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. GEORGE ENGLAND,
Northgate,
Pontefract.

Example:—LODGER'S APPETITE.
Bullet:—OUTLASTS LANDLADY'S "GAMMON."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH.

Mr. ROBERT WALTERS, Long Lane, Liversedge:
PRETTY DANGEROUS—OUR "COMMONS" SOMETIMES.
Mr. JAMES MCLAUGHLIN, Junr., 109, Erdington St., Glasgow:
A LARGE FAMILY—READS "OUTDOOR RELIEF."
BESSIE BEVERIDGE, Baxter Place, Coatbridge:
MEETING THE HUNS—IN HOSTILE, IRRESISTIBLE.
Mr. I. DODD, 21, Duke Street, Askam-in-Furness:
BORROWING HABIT—OFTEN "RUNNING OUT."
Mr. D. C. BATE, Marple Lodge, Marple, Cheshire:
FOOLING FATHER—HABIT GARDEN HAS.
Mr. F. DICKEY, Tennyson Villas, Hucknall, Nottingham:
BOYS IN KHAKI—"SWEATERS" THEN "BLAZERS."
MAUD APPLETON, "The Ashes," Neasham, Darlington.
SORRY SPECIMEN—RARELY IN SHOP-WINDOW.
Mr. J. WISHART CARR, 49, Crossgate, Cupar, Scotland:
KICKED OFF—"FIRING" FOLLOWS "FRICTION."
Mr. ROBT. CLARKE, 159, Buckland Avenue, Dover, Kent:
A LARGE FAMILY—A "WHACKING" RESPONSIBILITY.
Mr. JOSEPH GILMOUR, 2, Maybury Place, Blantyre, Lanarkshire:
BORROWING HABIT—BY "PINCHING" AVOIDED.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

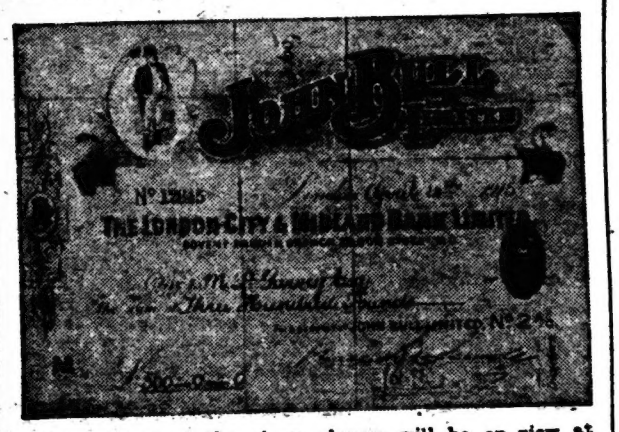
Mr. JAMES TAIT, 18, McKerrell Street, Paisley, N.B.:
POOR SPIRIT—TAXED BEYOND STRENGTH.
Mr. JOSEPH DOUGLAS, 43, Victoria Terrace, Bedlington, Northumberland:
POOR SPIRIT—THE SACRAMENTAL PORT.
Mr. FRED PAIGE, 115, Lessingham Av., Tooting, London, S.W.:
LOSING CAPITAL—SPARE TIME OCCUPATIONS.
Mr. GEO. H. MULHERN, 149, Saxton St., Gillingham, Kent:
ON THE BRINK—HEROINE SAVED—NOVELETTE.
Mr. E. A. DUNSTONE, 40, Springfield Road, Brighton:
A HARD NUT—NOT ETON'S "HEAD."
Mr. G. TEBBUTT, 19, Philip Lane, Tottenham, London, N.:
TELLING THE WIFE—NERVOUS BREAKDOWN GENERALLY.
Miss AMY MILES, 55, 31th Street, Abingdon, Berks:
SORRY SPECIMEN—"PLAICE" IN SUN.
Miss ETHEL CARTHEW, 10, Station Road, Swanley, Kent
SORRY SPECIMEN—ONLY SHOOTS MOON.
Mr. W. LANGSALE, 9, Warrels Place, Bramley, Leeds:
LODGER'S APPETITE—TICKLED, RARELY TACKLED.
Mr. A. E. LEA, Scotforth Road, Lancaster:
A STRONG REMEDY—"GEORGE" TACKLING "DRAGON."

25 PRIZES OF £1 EACH:

ALLISON, R. G., Hartburn, Stockton-on-Tees.
BALCHIN, M. (Mrs.), 20, Woodward Street, Victoria Embankment, Nottingham.
BAMPTON, H. (Army Schoolmaster), Depot Royal Irish Regiment, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary.
BODENHAM, H., Supply Stores, Clun, Shropshire.
BRENNAN, S., 309, Anlaby Road, Hull.
BUTLER, B. P., The Elms, Aylesford, Kent.
DENNIS, W. (Mrs.), 15, Dekker Road, Dulwich, S.E.
DICKSON, A., 25, Carlton Place, Glasgow.
DIXALINE, W., Barnby Dun, near Doncaster.
GILLESPIE, R., c.o. Laird, 138, New City Road, Glasgow.
GREEN, B. (Miss), "Aulay," Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.
HANNA, C. A., 29, Widley Road, Tipnor, Portsmouth.
HUTCHISON, F., 53, Argyle Crescent, Portobello, N.B.
JENKINS, DORIS, Bay View, Sketty Avenue, Swansea.
MARKHAM, A. G., 47, De Freville Avenue, Cambridge.
MASH, C. A., 8, Thornton Hill, Exeter.
MORSCH, A., 13, Manor Road, Hoylake, Ches.
NICHOLL, J., 14, New Road, Halifax, Yorkshire.
PERRETT, C., 2, Bishop Street, Bedminster.
SOUTHERNS, E. C., The Oaks, Merrivale Road, Wolverhampton.
SPENCELEY, E., 157, Leeds Road, Bradford, Yorks.
STUDHOLME, J., 112, Great Ancoats Street, Manchester.
WATT (Mrs.), 198, Easter Road, Edinburgh.
WHITLEY, R., 74, King's Cross Road, W.C.
WOOD, A., 769, New Hey Road, Huddersfield.

50 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ARNOLD, C. J., 47, Boar Lane, Leeds.
BAILEY, L. (Miss.), 2, Waldegrave Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.
BENNETT (Mrs.), 4, Kinghorn Place, Edinburgh.
BROOKER, J., Belmont, Windermere Road, Coulsden, Surrey.
BURNS, H. A. (Lce.-Cpl.), 3/1 Fd. Co., S.M.R.E. Bocking, Braintree, Essex.
DENNER, F. E. (Mrs.), 78, Avenue Road, Swindon.
FLOWLER, G. H., 305, Torridon Road, Hither Green, S.E.
GOULD, M. (Miss), 57, Clarendon Road, Holland Park, W.
GRAY, JAMES, 53, Russell Street, Wishaw, N.B.
GYTE, T., 104, Nicholson Road, Heeley, Sheffield.
HAMPTON, T., County Buildings, Airdrie.
HATHERLEY, S. M., 432, Trentham Street, Southfields, S.W.
HIGHFIELD, M., 1, Beaufort Square, Bath.
HOBDAY, A. (Miss), 4, Lozells Road, Birmingham.
HODGKINSON, J. N., 96, Dudley Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.
HOWARD, W., 13, Vienna Road, Stockport.
JOHNSON, R. H. (Staff), Detention Quarters, Dockyards, Portsmouth.
LANGE, S. A., Holmwood, Harrow Drive, Romford, Essex.
LAUDER, J. A. (Reg. Q.M.S.), 4, Simonside Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
LONG, A. E., c.o. Coe Brothers, 40-41, George Street, Hove.
MATHIAS, N. (Miss), 28, Cosmeston Street, Cardiff.
MCALLISTER, W., 15, Melrose Street, Middlesbrough.
MESNARD, G. C. (Lieut.), 12 Bn. Royal Sussex Regt., Sandringham, Marina, Bexhill.
MIRAMS, E. (Mrs.), 95, King's Road, Cardiff.
MOLLOY, T., 40, Flinders Street, off Stanley Road, Liverpool.
MURRAY, D., 146, Calder Street, Crosshill, Glasgow.
MUSKETT, F. J., 31, Rosary Road, Norwich.
NORVILL, B., 132, High Street, Ilfracombe.
OSBORNE, E. (Miss), Osborne House, Belmont Road, Harrogate
PILGRIM, J., 7, George Road, Brantford, W.
PRITCHARD (Mrs.), 6, Bellefield Road, Birmingham.
READY, G. W., Duke of York's School, Dover.
REDDING, F. W., 1, Jubilee Terrace, Southsea.
ROBERTSON, G., 5, Wardlaw Street, Edinburgh.
ROSEVEAR, C., 7, Cathcart Hill, Highgate, N.



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. G. M. Bremner, 30, Newgate Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, from Thursday, April 22, and at those of Mr. J. Greig, 12, Percy Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, from April 26.

SEARLE, J. L., 50, Highland Road, Southsea, Portsmouth.
SHADBETT, H., 99, Calton Road, Gloucester.
SHERLOCK, S., 50, Vincent Road, Worcester.
SIMPSON, G. E., Foreman Porter, N.E. Rly. Parcel Office, Central Station, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
SMITH, W. B., c.o 18, Spencer Road, Wealdstone, Harrow.
TANNER, ALICE M., Thornbury, Bromyard.
TAPPER, H. H., Controller's Office, London Telephone Service, G.P.O., E.C.
THOMAS, M., "Cottn House," Nantgaredig, Carmarthen.
THOMPSON, C., 363, Edge Lane, Droylsden, Manchester.
WARBURTON, J. H., Metropolitan Road, Saltley, Birmingham.
WELSH, J., 4, Moredun Square, Craigie, Perth.
WILLIAMS, S. M., Trosnant Stores, Pontypool.
WILLIAMS, R., 19, Alexandra Terrace, Newlands Road, Hornsey, N.
WILSON, M., 5, St. Margaret Street, Mansfield, Notts.
WINN, R. W., 123, Newcommon Street, Hull.

Selection of 5s. Prize Winners.

ADAMS, A., 28, Bedford Street, Bradford, Yorkshire.
ALCORN, J. (Sergt.), Depot Cam. Hrs., Inverness, N.B.
ALLEN, NELLIE, Bridgend, Dungloe, Strabane.
ANDREWS, P., 70, Danecroft Road, Herne Hill, S.E.
ANDERSON, W. H. E., 23, Gladstone Place, Aberdeen.
ASHMORE, H., 59, Jacobs Well Lane, Wakefield.
ATTLE, A. T. 23 Crown Street Leiston.
ATTEWELL, A. E. (Mrs.), 28, Winslow Avenue, Plymouth.
BAGGE, M. E. (Miss), 129, Dersingham Avenue, Manor Park, E.
BALL, W., 23, Hodge Lane, Prestwich, Manchester.
BALL, A., 143, Friargate, Preston, Lancs.
BELL, R. (Pte.), 10, Platoon C Coy., 5, Bedfords, Norwich.
BENJAMIN, M., 21, Chaucer Road, Forest Gate, E.
BONE, L. (Miss), 160, Gordon Hill, Enfield, N.
BROADHURST, H., 14, Edgwick Road, Coventry.
BROOKS, P. J., 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, N.E.
CAVE, F. (Miss), 26, Honor Oak Park, S.E.
CHAMBERLAIN, W. J., 23, Windsor Road, Wanstead, N.E.
CLARK, C. (Mrs.), 126, Islington, Liverpool.
CLARK, E. G., Park Terrace, Kirkintilloch, near Glasgow.
COMRIE, J. (Mrs.), Mayfield, Dalratho Road, Grangemouth, Scotland.
DAVIES (Police-Sergt.), Abercanaid, Merthyr Tydfil.
DENNITTS, W. F., 17, Longton Road, Bucknall, Stoke-on-Trent.
FORSYTH, L., 20, Union Terrace, Mossend, Lanarkshire.
GARDINER, H. W., 64, Eign Street, Hereford.
GIBLETT, B., 53, Grosvenor Road, St. Paul's, Bristol.
GINGELL, E. L. (Miss), Exonia, Rock Road, Keynsham, near Bristol.
GROSS, C. E., Glenthorne, Warwick Road, Anerley, S.E.
HALL (Det.-Sgt.), 9, Fontburn Terrace, North Shields.
HANDS, A. J., Stirchley, Birmingham.
HARVEY, H. (Mrs.), Thanington, Birchington.
HARVEY, T., 36, Melbourne Avenue, Bowes Park, N.
HOOD, E. M., 130, York Drive, Glasgow, W

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 36 and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

"Look at the business reason why—

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

"Why is it that the 'Midland' give you £100,000 worth of superb furniture to choose from at those marked prices which save you money on every purchase?

"I'll tell you. It's a reason which anyone with your head for business will appreciate at once.

"The 'Midland' sell all that beautiful furniture for less than other firms would charge, simply because they get it for less themselves.

"Just consider the huge volume of their trade. Think of the command of market prices it gives them. Think of the intermediate profits they cut out by being actual manufacturers.

"They can afford to give you the best possible value for every sixpence you spend. And they certainly do."

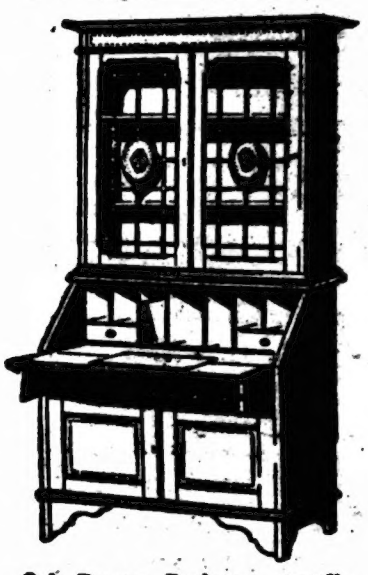
Flamed Oak Bureau, 2 ft. 2in. wide, 3 ft. 6 in. high, 9 in deep. Exceptional value. £1 Is. 0d.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice.

£2 15s. 0d.

Rail Fares Paid

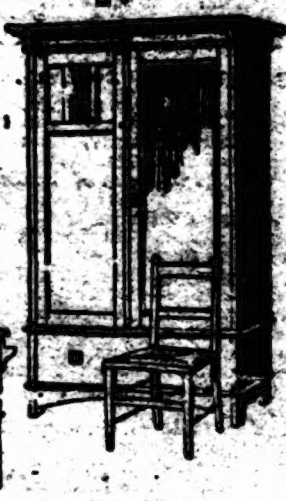
If you live outside London, your fare up to London will be refunded to you on all purchases amounting to £20 or over.

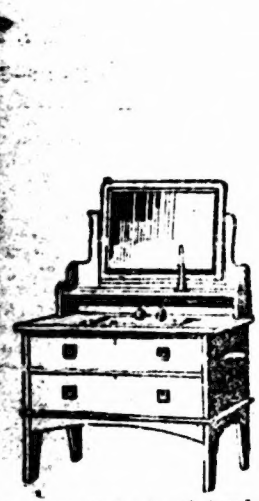


Oak Bureau Bookcase, soundly constructed, with leaded light glass doors and fitted with fall front, 3 ft. wide, 7 ft. high, 16 in. deep. £4 15s. 0d.

Write to-day for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It contains over 1,000 photographs, actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons to give you an idea of the £100,000 worth of superb furniture on view. The prices are all plainly marked; compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere; you will be convinced that money *does* buy MORE at the "Midland."





Well-made Bedroom Suite, in oak, handsomely designed, comprising a commodious wardrobe with full-length bevelled mirror in door, dressing-chest with bevelled swing mirror, washstand with marble top and tiled back, complete with two rush-seated chairs.

£6 16s. 6d.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.	Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ..	£0 6 0	£50 ..	£1 8 0
£20 ..	0 11 0	£100 .	2 5 0
£30 ..	0 17 0	£200 .	4 10 0
£40 ..	1 5 0	£500 .	11 5 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Country Orders

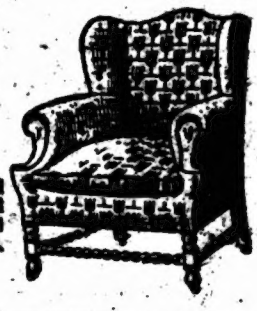
All goods carefully packed free of charge, and forwarded carriage paid.

Free Life and Fire Insurance

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest—nothing beyond the plainly marked prices on each article.

Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against fire free.

10% Discount for Cash



A beautifully made three-piece suite carried out on Jacobean lines, with underframe and loose cushions. Splendidly upholstered and covered in old-world design tapestry. Finished a rich antique brown.

£9 19s. 6d.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1

Printed and Published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd.), by Odhams Limited, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Agents for the Colonies—Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa—Central News Agency, Ltd. Also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Canada. All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor and 93, Long Acre, and not addressed generally. Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. Odhams Limited (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2629.